

# PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

## THE WE HAVE ISSUES ISSUE

MOSCOW ON  
THE POTOMAC:  
THE MOLE ON  
PUTIN'S ASS  
LOOKS A LOT  
LIKE DONALD

AFTER SEX SELFIES  
#ALRIGHTALRIGHTALRIGHT

JEFF GOLDBLUM SHARES  
HIS BOYHOOD SHOWER SECRETS

CANDY FLAVORED  
DRUGS FOR KIDS

COVER  
GIRL  
**MISTY  
LOVELACE**  
GETS US ALL  
STEAMY  
INSIDE

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## FROM THE EDITOR

**I** STRUGGLE with this section every month. Whereas writing tabloid-style coverlines, guiding the content for each issue, and planning the pictorials with the art director is nothing short of awesome. This job really is my boyhood fantasy come true (plus, gynecologists have to take all of those classes).

But the Letter from the Editor always stumps me...and I almost dread writing it. Do I share my personal stories, and are they even interesting or relevant? Do I use this as a platform to evangelize a personal agenda? Should I just summarize the shit you are about to see once you start flipping through the pages? Am I just wasting a gift by wringing my hands and overthinking this?

And yet, in my long history of reading magazines, I don't think I have read a single letter from an editor...ever.

This could be a manifestation of a phobia embedded deep inside my lizard brain—like if I say something stupid, it's out there forever. But I doubt it. We live in a world where stupidity is rewarded, where over-sharers are celebrityized, and where Cheeto-dipped blowhards are revered. Sure, I have my neuroses, but I don't think I'm the only one with issues.

**Raphie Aronowitz**

WhatTheFuck@Penthouse.com

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# MAIL DOMINANCE

## NOTHING GETS PAST EPHRAIM

Cunt close-ups always sell.

*-Ephraim Morris via Facebook*

**Ed: That's how I got rid of my juicer on Craigslist.**

## SOUNDS REASONABLE

I was reading the June 2016 issue featuring four of the hottest women on the planet: Malena Morgan, Lily Ivy, Valerie Vixen, and Abby Cross. I would like the four of them to come to my apartment wearing their sexy 1-piece lingerie with no shoes and lots of feet rubbing my penis.

*-M.P. Knoxville, TN via USPS*

**Ed: Um....suuuure M.P. Do you want them to pick up some sandwiches on the way over?**

## THE BIGGER THE BERRY

Your white girls are gorgeous and sexy. How about a South American girl or a black girl? Dark skin would be nice. Black pussy tends to be bigger.

*-K.D. Viera, FL via USPS*

**Ed: We love variety, and you will be seeing more of it in the upcoming**

**months. Can't cosign your pussy theory, though.**

## RABBIT HUNTING

I just picked up your June 2016 issue and I just wanted to say thank you! I was a longtime Playboy subscriber (since 1990) who was devastated by the changes their "Bored" Of Directors had recently implemented.

I had not purchased Penthouse Magazine in quite some time. I was so pleasantly surprised when I again picked it up! I felt like I was reading a magazine that was intended for me and others like me. I now have a place to go to see and read the things I enjoy about life. And that means beautiful women, cars, gadgets etc. You provided me a new outlet for this type of content and to tell you the truth it is actually better!

So I immediately subscribed to your print issues! I actually used the \$35.00 refund check Playboy sent me (in the end that's how that works out, right?).

*-Vincent Purpora via USPS*

**Ed: [Drops mic. Walks off stage.]**

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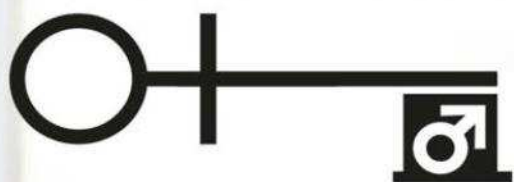
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# LETTER OF THE MONTH

## MAY I BE FRANK?

**“W**HAT a pleasure,” I said. Natalie looked good, just a little bit tumbling out of her dress, the goods on display, but I was nervous. This was a dating site date, and I had lost count of how many of them I’d been on recently. All the things women complained about were things that I, as a red-blooded American man, was experiencing from the ladies: Women lying about their age, women wanting to be pen-pals forever, women showing up looking way different from their pictures. Women carrying some industrial-strength baggage. There was ghosting and tears and women who used too many teeth during blowjobs. And then there was the one who never came back from the bathroom after what I thought was a friendly discussion about who we were voting for in November.

As I sat in the corner of the dim old-man bar (drinks were cheap and heavy on the alcohol content—only recently had the bartenders reluctantly stopped serving weapons-grade cocktails in jelly jars), my back to the wall so I could see what was coming, my expectations weren’t so high.

“Frank,” she said.

“I sure am,” I said.

She sat down close to me in the round booth and leaned over to give me an affectionate squeeze. I liked that. People who are physically affectionate put me at ease. I draped an arm around her, pulling her close, and said, “Now that is a dress.”

“Oh, this old thing?” she said, beginning a quote from my favorite old movie, “I only wear this when I don’t care how I look.”

I laughed. “I was a little nervous, I have to admit,” I said. “But I think we’re gonna be fine.”

We ordered drinks and a plate of fries to absorb them. The waitress looked like she was on our side. Natalie never

quite stopped pressing her thigh to mine, and we ate and talked that way, with her occasionally stroking my arm or leaning in to press her breasts against me, or me lazily playing with the hem of her dress, inching it ever up her smooth, taut leg.

It was one of those dates that just felt comfortable from the get-go, and I wondered how this was different, both more erotic and more wholesome, from dates where I’d find myself balls deep in someone and still feel no connection.

The only red flag was the occasional hiccup between the data in our texts and emails and what popped up in conversation.

“Oh, for some reason I thought you were from Philly,” I’d say (turns out she was from Jersey), or “I could have sworn you said you were Irish,” she’d say (I’m German). To be honest, I’d been on so many first dates that all those profile questions and drink orders were blending together like all the margaritas I was buying.

The important thing was that we were hitting it off in person and the only tension either of us was feeling, three or four drinks in, was how we’d keep the night from ending at the bar. Somebody had to make a move, and I just couldn’t bring myself to say something cheesy, like: “So, do you want to get out of here?”

But she was on it. She had these long curls resting pertly atop her cleavage and I said, “Bedhead must be a problem for you,” to which she very sweetly replied, “You’d *better* mess up my hair.”

“OK, let’s go,” I said. She got up quickly, I left a hundred on the table for what was probably a \$70 tab, we got in my car, and she languidly brushed my growing cock through my pants throughout the short—and increasingly treacherous—ride to my place.

Once inside my apartment she lifted her arms like she was at the top of a roller coaster. In a split-second I knew this was so I could pull her cheap dress over her head, which I did. I reached around to



**“  
I COULD FEEL THE  
FINE, FINE RAZOR  
STUBBLE OF HER  
MONS. SHE'D SHAVED  
IT, BUT NOT TODAY.  
”**

grab her naked ass (because of course she wasn't wearing panties) and slam her closer to me. She was at my belt with small, practiced hands, knowing that she needed to lift my pants up and over my towering erection before she pulled them down again.

I mean, you're always going to love your first high school girlfriend, right? But give me a woman who knows how to remove a guy's pants without breaking off his dick or zippering him to unconsciousness every fucking time.

After a brief fumble with our clothes I carried her—quite gracefully considering the circumstances—to the bedroom and dumped a sprawled hot pile of Natalie on the bedspread. I had to get at her and so I buried my head in her puffy pussy lips until I felt I couldn't breathe, holding onto her fantastic tits as I did so, like I was drowning. She grabbed my head and pressed it farther into her vulva. I could feel the fine, fine razor stubble of her mons. She'd shaved it, but not today. She wasn't expecting tonight's date to lead to my place. That made me feel great, and I ate her 'til she came, her thighs crushing my ears. Then my lips and my cock followed each other up her body. I kissed her, feeling her mouth respond to the taste of her own juices, and eased my cock into her waiting pussy. She gasped.

"I've got a condom on, Natalie," I said.

"Fuck me, Frank!" she said. "Fuuuuuck meeeeeee..."

And I did. I fucked her until I felt her body tensing, or my body tensing, and then I'd

stop. I'd think about the NBA draft, which gave me a buffer of about 15 seconds, then I'd start fucking her again. When I couldn't take it any longer I got to my knees, raised her ass, threw her ankles over my shoulders, and long-dicked her until I shot my load deep into the whirling recesses of her orgasm.

What seemed like minutes later, forehead to forehead, we had to ask.

"So you're not Natalie?" I said.

"No, I'm Jessica," she said. "Jessica from Tenafly. And why did you say your name was Frank?" she said.

"I thought you said I was 'frank' because

you caught me staring down your dress," I said. "My name is Kevin. Jessica, I'm Kevin. Would you like to go on a date?"

"Yes," she said. "You can see how my bedhead looks tomorrow at breakfast."

Wherever Natalie and Frank are, I hope they had a good time.

—Kevin J. Middletown, NJ

**CONTINUED ON PAGE 126**

Seeing is believing. When you've had the encounter you've been hoping for, let us know about it! Send your letters to: Penthouse Magazine, 8944 Mason Avenue, Chatsworth, CA, USA 91311 or email us at [Letters@Penthouse.com](mailto:Letters@Penthouse.com)



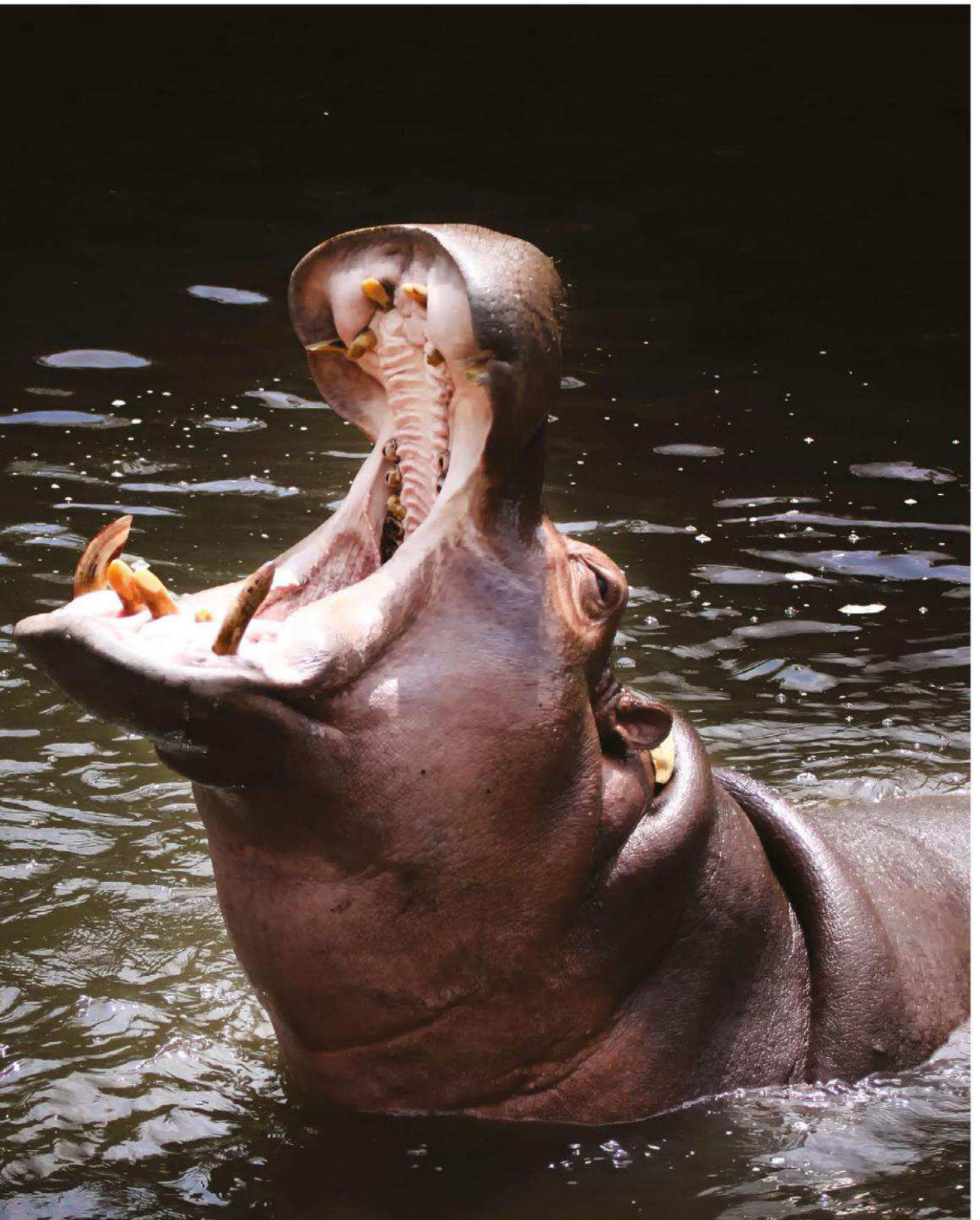



THE DEBRIEF

# NARCO SAFARI

PABLO ESCOBAR'S HIPPOS THRIVING IN COLOMBIA

PHOTO: STOCK/ART





WHAT WE'VE LEARNED

# ESCOBAR'S ESCAPED HIPPOS THRIVING IN COLOMBIA

**P**ABLO Escobar, Colombia's most notorious drug kingpin, cocaine trafficker, murderer, and moustachioed star of Netflix hit "Narcos," has left an unexpected legacy in his old residence of Hacienda Nápoles.

Known for his eccentric taste, bribery, and political assassinations, Escobar decided to build a private zoo on his property, halfway between Medellín and Bogotá.

In 1983, hundreds of animals, including elephants from India, buffalos from North America, kangaroos from Australia, rhinos,

a giraffe, and two hippopotamuses from Africa—a male and a female—arrived at Escobar's property in Colombia.

When he wasn't trafficking kilos of cocaine or murdering people, Escobar, the self-proclaimed Robin Hood, would invite locals to visit his private zoo.

Escobar was shot dead in 1993 (sorry for the spoiler, "Narcos" fans), and the government which he was trying to overthrow now runs that very ranch. While Colombian authorities were able to transfer most of the exotic animals to other facilities, the hippos were left to their own

devices to roam the ranch's pond.

They've now begun to venture further, finding their way into nearby rivers and surrounding areas. Locals have reported seeing the hippos and have become concerned about the large animals, which have a reputation for being very dangerous.

There are now between 26 and 28 hippos in the Hacienda Nápoles region alone and up to 40 in the surrounding area, according to Nat Geo. The government has begun castrating some of the animals in an attempt to stem their spread.

## CANDY-FLAVORED AMPHETAMINES FOR KIDS!

CANDY-flavored drugs for kids are now available in the U.S., reports medical journal STAT News. The drug, Adzenys, is for children with ADHD. It comes in a chewy, fruit-flavored lozenge.

Produced by the Texan drug manufacturer Neos Therapeutics, the drug was approved in January by the FDA for patients six years and older. It's the first extended release ADHD medication that dissolves in the mouth to become rapidly bio-available.

But not everyone is convinced that presenting amphetamines in such an easily consumable format is a good idea, with ADHD drugs already being the drug of choice abused by teen party-goers, or those looking for an extra edge in their studies.

Offering amphetamines in a tasty, convenient package

is "a recipe for people to request it and then sell it," said Dr. Mukund Gnanadesikan, a child and adolescent psychiatrist in Napa, California.

"I'm not a big fan of controlled substances that come in forms that can be easily abused—and certainly a chewable drug falls into that category," Gnanadesikan said.

However, not everyone sees this as a call for alarm. Drug abusers are going to abuse drugs, regardless of how they are packaged. "There's nothing revolutionary about this drug," says Dr. Ben Biermann, an assistant professor of psychiatry at the University of Michigan's C.S. Mott Children's Hospital.

"It's simply another delivery mechanism for a medication that already exists and has widespread use."



# EXTRA-WIDE PARKING SPACES FOR WOMEN CAUSE OUTRAGE IN CHINA

PARKING lot managers in Hangzhou on China's east coast thought it was helpful to create parking spaces just for women. That doesn't sound so bad, except that they're painted with pink lines, decorated with an outline of a woman, and are 50 percent larger than a standard space.

The managers, who spoke to Qianjing Evening News, said that they created the spots because "women have difficulty parking in reverse."

Predictably, the insinuation that only women are bad enough drivers to require extra large spaces has sparked outcries of sexism, with many people venting their anger on Weibo, a Chinese version of Twitter.

"Where are the feminists? This is such obvious gender discrimination," exclaims 潘大官人啊.

"If you're going to discriminate against women like this, why don't we get larger parking spaces when we're taking our driving tests then?" writes 生顽主.

"If this news happened abroad would you all think that it was being considerate?" writes 只公主.

But not everyone agrees, claiming that the spots are a great idea.

"They're not saying that women have to park there," says 吖兴快跑.

"They're just offering them to women who aren't good at parking. It's a great idea! Where's the discrimination?"

In all fairness, the move *is* a little sexist. Anyone who has been to China knows the men are just as bad at driving as women, if not worse.



## GET THE FLOCK OUTTA HERE

STONED sheep caused havoc in the Welsh village of Rhydybandy after eating the remains of a cannabis crop on the side of the road, according to London's *Daily Mail*.

A local councillor told reporters that the sheep had left a path of destruction, undoubtedly in their hunt for more munchies, tearing up gardens and in one case entering a bungalow to tear up a bedroom.

He said, "There is already a flock of sheep roaming the village causing a nuisance. We could have an outbreak of psychotic sheep rampaging through the village."

This event is not the first time stray sheep have troubled the community—the ovines are regularly being hit and killed after straying on the road.

The councillor continued, "I told the council officers to make sure it was reported to the police before removing any evidence of what looks like the dumped remains of a cannabis growing establishment."





# MECHANICS REEEEAALLY WANTED TO FIX THAT CAR

IN a bizarre chain of events, one woman's car has been returned after her mechanic, whom she was due to see for maintenance, spotted the stolen vehicle with the thief at the wheel, and gave pursuit, reports Oklahoma's News9.com.

Joseph Wallis co-owns an auto shop called Svenskraft in Tulsa. His client, Shelby, was due to drop her car in for a service the day before, but had to cancel her appointment after reporting her Volvo stolen.

The entire thing was caught on dashcam video. Wallis was heading out to lunch when they saw a vehicle that resembled the stolen Volvo. Wallace

called Shelby, ascertained that her car was still missing, and gave chase.

Wallis couldn't believe it.

Wallis and Svenskraft's co-owners followed the car while one of them called the police. The car chase led them down back streets, highways, and neighborhoods as they waited for the police to arrive. The pursuit eventually ended in a shopping center parking lot.

The driver, 26-year-old Elizabeth Newtown, was immediately taken to jail on charges including possessing a stolen car, speeding, driving with a suspended license, no insurance, and resisting arrest.



## TEXAS MEN TRAIN TO SHOOT MUSLIMS WITH PIGS' BLOOD BULLETS, ENSURE VICTIMS GO "STRAIGHT TO HELL"

A GROUP of Texas men are training to shoot Muslims in preparation for a "Muslim uprising." They dip their bullets in pigs' blood to ensure victims go "straight to hell," reports Russia Today.

The group, which calls itself the Bureau of American-Islamic Relations (BAIR), fears the number of Muslim refugees in the country will lead to an "uprising," a conflict for which they will be prepared.

"Do you really expect me to stand here and wait until we get to that point?" says BAIR spokesperson David Wright. "I'm not going to wait until we get to that point. I'm going to start doing something about it now."

"A lot of us here are using either pigs' blood or bacon grease on our bullets, packing it in the middle, so that when you shoot a Muslim, they go straight to hell. That's what they believe in their religion," Wright explains.

BAIR is based in Irving, the same town where a young child, coined "Clock Boy," was arrested for bringing a home-made clock to school which the teacher mistook for was a bomb.

Great job, Irving.



## BEYONCÉ'S NEW SPORTSWEAR LINE MADE IN SWEATSHOPS

A REPORT has revealed that Beyoncé's new sportswear line, Ivy Park, is being made by sweatshop workers in Sri Lanka, who receive a paltry \$6.30 a day.

The sportswear brand is sold exclusively at Topshop and fetches over \$100 for items like leggings and long sleeve tops. The Ivy Park brand ethos claims to "inspire and support women," but these findings by U.K. tabloid *The Sun* suggest otherwise.

The *Sun* spoke with a seamstress at MAS Holdings, a sweatshop factory in Colombo that employs 74,000 workers, 70 percent of them women. She has a very different take on the brand's mission.

"When they talk about women and empowerment this is just for the foreigners. They want the foreigners to think everything is OK."

The workers, primarily women from poor rural villages, work 60-hour weeks, and mostly live in boarding houses, as it's all they can afford. Many of them are forced to share bathrooms with men and fear for their safety. These women do not feel empowered at all.

To put it into perspective, it would cost them a month's savings to afford a single pair of Beyoncé's leggings.

At the Topshop launch, Beyoncé told reporters that her "goal with Ivy Park is to push the boundaries of athletic wear and to support and inspire women who understand that beauty is more than your physical appearance."

That message is all well and good, but for the time being, it looks like the exploitation of women is acceptable as well.

## PAKISTANI MEN CAN "LIGHTLY" BEAT THEIR WIVES

THE Council of Islamic Ideology (CII) has vehemently opposed a law that would allow women to seek protection from abusive husbands, calling it un-Islamic, the *Washington Post* reports.

A Pakistani province attempted to pass the law, however the CII, made up of Muslim clerics, found that it does not adhere to Islamic code. Instead, the CII has proposed its alternative Women Protection Bill, recommending a "light beating" for the wife if she defies her husband.

"A husband should be allowed to lightly beat his wife if she defies his commands and refuses to dress up as per his desires, turns down demand of intercourse without any religious excuse, or does not take a bath after intercourse or menstrual periods," the report states, according to Pakistan's *Express-Tribune* newspaper.

However, CII chairman Muhammad Kahn Sherani said the light beating should be a last resort.

"If you want her to mend her ways, you should first advise her...if she refuses, stop talking to her...stop sharing a bed with her, and if things do not change, get a bit strict," Sherani said.

And, if all else fails, just "hit her with light things like a handkerchief, a hat, or a turban, but do not hit her on the face or private parts."

I hope this means wives can then lightly kill their husbands.



## WOMAN QUITS JOB TO BREASTFEED BOYFRIEND

YES, you read that correctly. One lady has left her job as a bartender and taken up breastfeeding her boyfriend. Fooling the breast into lactating is a full-time appointment which sees Jennifer Mulford freeing the nip every two hours for feeding time.

After reading about the bond that breastfeeding can bring to two people in a relationship, Jennifer had an interesting idea. She started trawling dating websites in search of her perfect baby man, presumably one that still sucks his thumb.

She found her match in Brad Leeson, an old flame. Perhaps the relationship curdled once before, but not this time. Jennifer's dream of an "Adult Breastfeeding Relationship" was about to be realized.

Speaking to London tabloid *The Sun*, she said, "It was like a light switched flicked in his head. I could tell from his voice that he was curious and excited.

"At that moment I knew that I had a partner for life. We both wanted the same thing out of the relationship—a magical bond that only breastfeeding can achieve. I've taken a break from my job because I want to devote everything to making this work. Brad told me he had a thing for big-breasted women, and that size had always been a factor in his relationships."

Do you think Jen will dump Brad if the couple has a baby?



## PORN FOR THE BLIND

"A WHITE woman in a cheap-looking red power suit sits next to a tall, white, lanky, middle-aged man with brown hair, a white shirt, a gray suit, and a red-striped tie," begins one video. The scene, which features a female narrator, is part of an initiative with Pornhub to make porn more accessible to the visually-impaired

There are over 285 million people in the world who are blind or visually impaired, but only a handful of websites cater to them, Pornhub being the first mainstream porn site to do so.

The new category, called "descriptive porn," now features over 50 enhanced-

audio scenes, made from a pool of the most popular straight, gay, and bi videos on the site—one of which is Kim Kardashian's sex tape!

Pornhub president Corey Price told the Huffington Post that the initiative is a way of making porn more accessible for those who wouldn't usually be able to enjoy it.

"It's our way of giving back, and we're excited to hear what people think. With over 60 million people visiting our site each day, we did feel it important to start to include this type of more accessible content on our platform," Price says.

## MAN ARRESTED FOR VIDEO OF DOG GIVING "NAZI SALUTE"



AUTHORITIES arrested a Scottish man after he produced a YouTube video showing his dog giving the Nazi salute, according to London's *Telegraph*.

The video shows Markus Meechan and his pug walking around an apartment, with Markus repeatedly asking the dog if "It wants to gas some Jews." While the dog doesn't respond, it's likely thinking something along the lines of, "a pat will suffice."

The video shows the pair watching a tape of Hitler speaking, and the dog raising its paw to "Sieg Heil." The clip quickly spread over YouTube. After gaining media attention, police arrested Meechan.

The arrest is meant to serve as a warning that Nazi-supporting videos are unacceptable.

Detective Inspector David Cockburn said, "This clip was shared online and has been viewed almost one million times. I would ask anyone who has had the misfortune to have viewed it to think about the pain and hurt the narrative has caused a minority of people in our community. The clip is deeply offensive, and no reasonable person can possibly find the content acceptable in today's society."

He added: "This arrest should serve as a warning to anyone posting such material online, or in any other capacity, that such views will not be tolerated."

Meechan has claimed that he is not racist and that he "doesn't wish ill-will on any race."

# How to Outsmart a Millionaire

Only the "Robin Hood of Watchmakers" can steal the spotlight from a luxury legend for under \$200!

I wasn't looking for trouble. I sat in a café, sipping my espresso and enjoying the quiet. Then it got noisy. Mr. Bigshot rolled up in a roaring high-performance Italian sports car, dropping attitude like his \$14,000 watch made it okay for him to be rude. That's when I decided to roll up my sleeves and teach him a lesson.

"Nice watch," I said, pointing to his and holding up mine. He nodded like we belonged to the same club. We did, but he literally paid 100 times more for his membership. Bigshot bragged about his five-figure purchase, a luxury heavyweight from the titan of high-priced timepieces. I told him that mine was the *Stauer Corso*, a 27-jewel automatic classic now available for only \$179. And just like that, the man was at a loss for words.

Think of Stauer as the "Robin Hood of Watchmakers." We believe everyone deserves a watch of uncompromising precision, impressive performance and the most elegant styling. You deserve a watch that can hold its own against the luxury classics for a fraction of the price. You'll feel the quality as soon as you put it on your wrist. This is an expertly-crafted time machine... not a cry for attention.

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The Stauer *Corso* is proof that the worth of a watch doesn't depend on the size of its price tag. Our factory spent over \$40 million on Swiss-made machinery to insure the highest quality parts. Each timepiece takes six months and over 200 individual precision parts to create the complex assembly. Peer through the exhibition back to see the 27-jeweled automatic movement in action and you'll understand why we can only offer the *Corso* in a limited edition.

**Our specialty is vintage automatic movements.** The *Corso* is driven by a self-winding design, inspired by a 1923 patent. Your watch will never need batteries. Every second of power is generated by the movement of your body. The dial features a trio of complications including a graphic day/night display. The *Corso* secures with a two-toned stainless steel bracelet and is water-resistant to 3 ATM.

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# ARE YOU LONELY TONIGHT?

By Chris Nieratko

## 1 / Fifi

My first night in jail was the worst. I had been in a strip club just hours earlier and I still carried the sexy scents that permeate such establishments: cigarette smoke, coconut lotion, spilled beer, etc. That, coupled with the fact that I once was an international (hand) model, made me the sexiest inmate in the building and my milkshake brought all the boys to the yard. I was chum in the water and within minutes of entering general population the sharks began to circle. I was certain that I'd be sodomized before midnight. I tried to think positive thoughts but, like a passenger on a bus on the verge of pissing his pants who only thinks of the ocean, I could only think about the broomstick scene in "Shawshank Redemption."

By nothing short of a miracle my asshole was spared when, in some odd sort of mating ritual, the largest inmate in the room brushed past me and squatted in the corner, winking at me and blowing kisses, and began taking a shit. Oddly enough he didn't pull his sweatpants down to poop. The steaming load of excrement wafting up from his underwear completely masked my *eau de stripper toilette* and neutralized the sexual desires of the other inmates. The disgusting display of poor potty training gave me just enough distraction to be able to sneak away and hide in the men's room to formulate a plan.

Standing on the toilet in the locked stall so that I could see anyone that entered, I found myself unbelievably and uncontrollably horny. Perhaps it was my near pornographic prison rape scenario that I narrowly avoided or maybe it was the memory of the inexperienced cat-like busty, blonde dancer from earlier who climbed to the top of the pole knowing no other way to get down than to belly flop onto her wrist from ten feet up or it might've just been the drug cocktail I swallowed seconds before the cops could search me but something had all the blood rushing straight to my wang-doodle.

I had two options: walk around prison with a raging boner pointing straight out the front of my pants like I was well-witching or I could take a couple minutes of me-time to relieve myself. The thought of having imaginary sex with a pretty lady on some remote beach sounded like a nice escape from the white cinderblock bathroom walls and fearing for my life. As they say, "When in Rome..." so I decided to doctor up one of those prison pussies (also known as a fifi) I'd read about using the roll of toilet paper. Not having much experience in this department and being completely dehydrated from the



drugs, the only means for moistening "the pussy" I could come up with was to soak the entire roll in the rancid piss water I was hovering above. It may sound awful but I'll tell you what: I've been in actual pussies that felt and smelt far worse.

Just as I was nearing completion I heard a male voice near the door say, "Nieratko? You're free to go."

"But I've only been here an hour," I replied.

"Someone posted bail. Time to go," he answered.

"Ok...just two more minutes..."

This Fifi I was sent from Adult Empire is no wet roll of TP. This thing is fancy. It's made of soft pillow material, has a foam inside that heats up as you get cooking and uses disposable condom-like sleeves for no-mess cleanup. I imagine that these are the types of Fifis they issue white collar criminals at low security prisons. This is like a hipster Fifi; I'm surprised it doesn't smell like pine. It's a lot of fun but let's not bullshit ourselves: this Fifi wouldn't last two hours in the downtown Los Angeles jail I was in.

And thankfully I didn't have to, either.

**Rating: 9** [GetFifi.com](http://GetFifi.com)



Darcie Dolce

## 2 / Cal Exotics Padded Vises

Forked River, NJ (the home of the toilet where the infamous Prom Mom gave birth to her baby nearly 20 years ago before leaving it for dead in a trash can) is not far from my home. I recall back when the incident took place every manner of joke and urban legend circulated about things falling out/off of the wonderful women of New Jersey.

*Couldn't find your car keys?*

Chances are they were inside some Jersey girl with high hair and low expectations.

My favorite story was the one my friend told me about the gal whose tit fell off while he was fucking her. What he had meant to say was her new implants hadn't healed yet and the scar tore open causing her silicone bag to slightly protrude. "Yo," He explained. "I swear her tit was gonna fall right the fuck off." 20 years later it's still my cautionary tale to anyone having sex with a woman with fresh implants: Be careful her tits don't fall off.

My wife had always wanted implants despite having perfect tits. Napoleon Tit Complex, I suppose. I stalled her as long as possible with the promise of, "Let's have kids first and

whatever damage we do we'll repair." Eight months after having our second and final child we found ourselves in a plastic surgeon's office literally weighing out tit options. I had far more questions than my wife, the most important of which was, "Can you put a third one on her back for slow dancing, doc?" Followed, of course, by, "Do we need to be concerned with one of these new tits falling off?"

Post-surgery I was terrified to touch my wife's new boobs. Aside from her chest looking like she'd been in a back alley knife fight with a bunch of Puerto Ricans there was some lingering concern that her tits would pop off. Thankfully not long after her scars healed Cal Exotics sent me these sturdy chained vises to put my mind at ease. The fully adjustable padded clamps are perfect for all size nipples from mosquito bites to cow udders and the chain is non-tarnishing and nickel-free so I'm able to chain my wife's tit to her necklace to keep it from falling off without her tit turning green.

Sadly, they only sent one so there is is the outside chance she might lose the other tit before they send a second set.

**Rating: 10** [CalExotics.com](http://CalExotics.com)

An aerial, high-angle photograph of a city street, likely in New York City, showing several tall, modern skyscrapers with glass facades. The street is filled with cars, including yellow taxis and a white bus. The image has been edited to create a sense of depth and perspective, with the buildings appearing to converge towards a vanishing point. A thick layer of smoky haze is added to the bottom of the image, and some cars are layered at different depths to give a three-dimensional effect.

GET THE PICTURE

**S**AM the Cobra hails from Northern New Jersey. He takes beautiful photographs and produces equally amazing animations.

"After searching for a suitable image in my photo archive, I started editing and developing the photo as I went. I elongated the buildings to make it seem like they're taller than normal, then added a thick layer of smoky haze to mask the bottom. I cut out some cars and taxis and laid them at different layers to give some depth. This edit took roughly six hours."

See more: [samthecobra.com](http://samthecobra.com)



MAN OF THE MOMENT

## DIETER RAMS

DESIGN is everywhere—it's an irreducible aspect of life. This magazine was designed, painstakingly; the laptop, desktop, or mobile phone that is within arm's reach of you at this very moment, was designed not just to look pretty, but also to be functional, innovative, and aesthetically pleasing.

Do you remember what mobile phones looked like before the iPhone came along? By comparison with today, they were just ghastly, right? The flip screen, maze-like menus and more buttons than your local tailor. On top of that, they didn't do a whole lot. Then along came Apple's iPhone, with its touchscreen and single button (italicize single button), and everybody lost their shit.

Much of the world credits Steve Jobs for designing the iPhone, but do you know who influenced Jobs?

Meet Dieter Rams.

In a career that spans a half century, Dieter Rams has left an indelible mark on product design and the world with his iconic work. His design philosophy, Less Is More, was the inspiration behind Apple's elegant design philosophy. Both Jobs and Jony Ive, the company's Senior Vice President of Industrial Design, famously admired his work.

Rams is, without a doubt, one of the most important designers of the last century.

Rams worked at Braun for almost 40 years and still does his drawings by hand, did more than anyone else to popularize functional, modern mass produced design.

Millions of Braun's distinctive alarm clocks, Oral-B toothbrushes, Gillette safety razors, hair dryers, coffee makers, food processors, electric shavers, irons, slide projectors, cine cameras, flashguns, and cigarette lighters are sold around the world. Ram's genius has most likely played a part in your life in some way.

Ram's "Ten Principles of Good Design," a classic of design history and inspiration, lays it out: Products should be functional, innovative, aesthetically pleasing, and thorough down to the last detail.

The intensely-private Rams now finds himself the subject of "Rams," a documentary directed by "Helvetica"'s Gary Hustwit.


There's this aura around Dieter of, you know, very iron-willed, dictatorial. Then you meet him [and] he's the opposite...[but] he's an 84-year-old German man so he's still a bit cantankerous. 



PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES / MARGARITA KAZANOVICH





CRUSH

## EMILY RATAJKOWSKI

BEST known for her incredible body and that photo shoot where she got really nude, Emily Ratajkowski, (pronounced RAH-Tie-KOF-shkey) has got it all.

The former child actor got noticed in a very adult way in Robin Thicke's sexy/sexist "Blurred Lines" video, but after prominent TV and film roles, including appearances in "Entourage" and "Gone Girl," Ratajkowski is now known as an actress unabashed about her sexuality.

Sometimes it feels like Ms. Ratajkowski came out of nowhere—a gift from the universe. One topless selfie with Kim Kardashian and she was propelled into the stratosphere.

But Ratajkowski is by no means just a pretty face with naked ambition. She's using her body image to raise bigger social issues.

The 25-year-old actor/model/international sex symbol is an outspoken feminist set on reclaiming sexuality through her unapologetic beauty and nakedness, and we're with her all the way. After all, in her words, "Sex is normal, desire is normal, attention is normal, and that's OK."

There are no blurred lines in the vivid Ratajkowski's personal philosophy of sexual liberation and unapologetic nakedness. And that's how she has made it absolutely clear that she is our "Penthouse Crush."

DOWNLOAD

# 10 WORLD RECORDS YOU CAN BREAK IN YOUR LUNCH HOUR

**FASTEST TIME TO EAT A 12" PIZZA**

Current record:  
**41.31 seconds**

**FASTEST TIME TO TYPE THE ALPHABET**

Current record:  
**3.43 seconds**

**FASTEST TIME TO DUCT TAPE A PERSON TO A WALL**

Current record:  
**41.66 seconds**

**MOST JELLY DONUTS EATEN IN 3 MINUTES**

Current record:  
**SIX DONUTS**

**FASTEST TIME TO TYPE A MESSAGE BLINDFOLDED**

Current record:  
**25.90 seconds**

**LONGEST TIME TO SPIN A BASKET BALL ON 1 FINGER**

Current record:  
**10 minutes, 33 seconds**

**MOST M&Ms EATEN IN 1 MINUTE WHILE BLINDFOLDED USING CHOPSTICKS**

Current record:  
**20 M&Ms**

**MOST GRAPES CAUGHT BY MOUTH IN 3 MINUTES**

Current record:  
**202 GRAPES**

**MOST PUSH-UPS WITH CLAPS IN 1 MINUTE**

Current record:  
**90 PUSH UPS**

**FASTEST TIME TO PRINT 500 SHEETS BY COLOR DESKTOP PRINTER**

Current record:  
**7 minutes, 19 seconds**

PHONE APPS

## WELL-DESIGNED PHONE APPS

These apps take the coveted title of "2016's most well-designed apps" according to Apple.



### AUXY MUSIC CREATION

Become a musician in minutes; get your musical ideas down fast with this simple, minimalist app for creating electronic music on the go. It's simple on the surface, but with enough depth, if you need it.



### STREAKS

It takes approximately 21 days to form a new habit, or break one. Streaks is the to-do list that helps you develop good habits to you achieve your goals. Track daily progress, create tasks, and get motivated.



### CHAMELEON RUN

A 'forever' run game with a twist. While dodging obstacles and landing jumps, you will also need to tweak your character's color to match the platform on which you're about to land. Visually stunning and addictive.

PODCASTS

### 1. NO SUCH THING AS A FISH

If you're a fan of the site Quite Interesting (QI), then you're going to love this. No Such Thing As A Fish is a weekly podcast where the QI researchers share their most interesting recent discoveries. Get your dose of trivia here.

### 2. PLANET MONEY

Imagine you could call up a friend and say, "Meet me at the bar and tell me what's going on with the economy." Now imagine that's actually a fun evening. Semi-weekly Planet Money is all things money, made interesting.

### 3. THE AXE FILES

David Axelrod, the founder and director of the University of Chicago Institute of Politics, brings you The Axe Files, a series of revealing interviews with key figures in the political world. Get to know some of the most interesting players in politics.



VIII



V



VI



X



I



IX



II



III



IV



VII

## TECH

# TOP 10 TECH

PUTTING together a list of our favorite gadgets is one of the coolest things about working for *Penthouse*. We get to spend hours playing with the most exciting, unique, and outrageous things we can find. Here's what's distracting us at work this month.

**I / Vessyl** is the smart cup that knows exactly what you're drinking. Not only does the 12-oz. Thermos-like container know the nutritional value of whatever you pour into it, but it also tracks how much you're drinking and your hydration level. It's like Big Brother, but moist.

**II / Nerf Rival Blasters** are toy guns on steroids. They fire tiny, dimpled balls that pack a punch. The Zeus MXV-1200 motorized Blaster fires at a velocity up to 100 fps and comes with an easy-load magazine and 12 high-impact rounds. Remember: It's a sin to kill a mockingbird.

**III / Bone Conduction Audio Shades** come with built-in bone conduction speakers and a noise-cancelling mic. That means they'll transmit crystal-clear audio directly to your eardrums while keeping you aware of your surroundings. Thanks bones!

**IV / Lenovo CPlus Bendable Phone** uses a flexible screen and segmented body to convert it from a phone to a watch band and back again. The CPlus comes in 12 colors and runs on Android.

**V / PlayStation VR** arrives this October and will make your PlayStation very happy. We finally get to see what all the hype is about. While reviews have been mixed, the prospect of total immersion is utterly exciting and one we look forward to delving into in coming months.

**VI /** We admit the **NASA Astronaut Suit** creeped us out at first. All we could think of was what it might be like to poop in it, like that crazy astronaut woman who did just that while driving cross-country. But you, we imagine, will be classy like Major Tom. Open the pod bay doors for earthbound adventure!

**VII / The Pilot** is an in-ear device with real-time translation. Much like the Babel Fish from "Hitchiker's Guide to The Galaxy," The Pilot is capable of translating between users speaking English, French, Italian, and Spanish.

**VIII /** Hyperkin's **Smart Boy** will turn any Android phone into a Gameboy and that is fucking *awesome*. What started as an April Fools joke has turned into reality. Check [Hyperkin.com](http://Hyperkin.com) for the pre-holidays release.

**IX /** Put down that coffee and wake up your brain with the electric jolt of **Thync**. This device works by electrically stimulating your nerves, allowing you to alter your mental state with an app. That's what they say, anyway. They also say it's better than drugs. I'm not sure who to believe.

**X /** We know what you're thinking: *Finally*. Developed by Martin Aircraft, the \$100,000 **Martin Jetpack** can provide flight for one person for up to 30 minutes. Just hook that up to your adult spacesuit and go kick Neil Armstrong's ass in space. ☺✈

MUSIC

# THE LIVING LEGENDS OF THE ROCK ERA

**T**HE original hard-living rock star is a rare and dying breed. Smuggling groupies onto private jets, trashing hotel rooms a la Keith Moon, or dead at 27 like Janis Joplin, Jimi Hendrix, Brian Jones, and Jim Morrison. Their era created icons in a wild burst of manic energy. It's hard to keep living that life.

Assuming you're a first-wave trailblazer of the 1960s and '70s, you're now aged into your own 60s and 70s. With the death of Lemmy Kilmister from Mötörhead in December 2015, it feels like we lost the last true lunatic. Tastes change and most people slow down. Nevertheless, the following musicians have pretty well kept living the rock'n'roll fantasy.

## > KEITH RICHARDS

Of course, we must start with Keef. The ultimate rocker. He's survived overdoses, infinite drinks, electrocution, the death of the '60s at Altamont, beds set on fire by cigarettes, and a German V-2 rocket landing on his abandoned cot during the London Blitz in 1942. The world needed the opening riff to "Satisfaction" and we were going to get it. As the late comedian Bill Hicks said, "They say 'Drugs are so bad.' Yeah, well how come Keith Richards still walks?"

A fall from a Fijian coconut tree almost took him in 2006, but he's still ramblin' along. The drugs are gone. Keep the cigarettes and whisky. The Stones are still touring. They don't need the money. All aged in their 70s. No way they'll stop until Mick's voice drops out.

## > NEIL YOUNG

Renowned for his take-no-bullshit attitude that goes all the way back to his very origins in music. In those early days, he walked like a badass from numerous prosperous bands that might have produced great income. No matter. He wrote "Harvest" at 26. Stardom was not the goal.

He's been back in the news after Republican presidential candidate and



KEITH RICHARDS

walking end of days Donald Trump used "Rockin' in the Free World" to celebrate his votes. It recalls Ronald Reagan using Bruce Springsteen's "Born in the USA" as a campaign song. Both completely missed the irony of the songs. Neither asked permission.

Young took issue with the implied endorsement that comes from Trump using his music. On the contrary, he says that he doesn't "endorse hate, bigotry, childish name-calling, the superficiality of celebrity, or ignorance. Fuck you Donald Trump."

## > BRIAN WILSON AND AL JARDINE (THE BEACH BOYS)

Keep bringing the world those Good Vibrations. These two original Beach Boys are still touring the world in their early 70s. Whether they need the money is totally up for grabs. Feels more like a dutiful performance of music they love. They've just gone around the globe yet again for the 50th anniversary of "Pet Sounds," a top five record of all time.

Brian's unique life experience was detailed in the recent film "Love & Mercy."

A special case and genius talent. Some people can roll more easily with the profound onslaught of psychedelics and partying. Brian is more sensitive. For him, drugs and drinking took him straight off the planet. He remains the genuine article. Amazingly still capable of spinning pop tunes like "That's Why God Made The Radio."

## > PAUL MCCARTNEY

Paul actually died in 1966. Or so the legend goes. Always seemed super unlikely that those crafty Beatles could replace him with a perfect body double, conveniently boasting the supernatural songwriting gifts of the original Liverpool lad. But, you know, they totally hinted at it in their songs and album covers, right?

The thing about Paul is that he's *Paul McCartney*. A relentless self-promoting tour de force. A machine of gigs and hustle. He's definitely earned the rest, but instead, he's out at 2 a.m. getting turned away from Tyga's 2016 Grammys afterparty. As he said to the bouncers, "How VIP do we gotta get?"

## PENTHOUSE RECORD PICKS



### THE AVALANCHES

*Wildflower*

Fans have been waiting 16 years for the follow-up to "Since I Left You," and Australia's legendary oddball hip-hop instrumental outfit have finally returned. The lead single "Frankie Sinatra," featuring Danny Brown and MF Doom, drew confused and mixed reactions, but "Wildflower" will surprise and compel with intricate samples and a star-studded cast of contributing MCs and vocalists, such as Toro Y Moi.

### CLAMS CASINO

*32 Levels*

A humble forefather of "cloud rap," Michael Volpe dropped his first studio-produced album in July. In March 2011, his Instrumentals mixtape gained explosive Internet fame so fast it was too late to change his jokey stand-in Clams Casino moniker. Far from home-producing beats, Volpe is now collaborating with a deep roster of prominent artists, including Lil B, A\$AP Rocky, Vince Staples, Mikky Ekko, Joe Newman from Alt-J, and Samuel T. Herring from Future Islands.

### BLOOD ORANGE

*Freetown Sound*

Dev Hynes is set to release his first record since the seismic "Cupid Deluxe" from 2013. The British musician formerly known as Lightspeed Champion is one of the coolest collaborators in pop, funk, and off-kilter R&B, having worked with killers including Sky Ferreira and FKA Twigs. "Freetown Sound" is about his life and upbringing, being black in England and America, and named for his father's birthplace in Sierra Leone.

## FILM

# RIGHT ON THE **MARK**

**S**INCE he was a teen MTV star and underwear model, Mark Wahlberg has led an extraordinary pop culture career. His repertoire is one of the most dynamic of any actor to be found in Hollywood, crossing into multiple genres. The breakthrough for Wahlberg's film career came with the release of "Boogie Nights," where he honed his skills in offbeat drama—playing Dirk Diggler, the confused, existentially lost pornstar. Since then, he's nailed blockbuster action roles in movies like the remake of "The Italian Job" and "Shooter." He's no stranger to comedy, teaming up with Will Ferrell in Adam McKay's unforgettable goofball buddy-cop piece "The Other Guys."

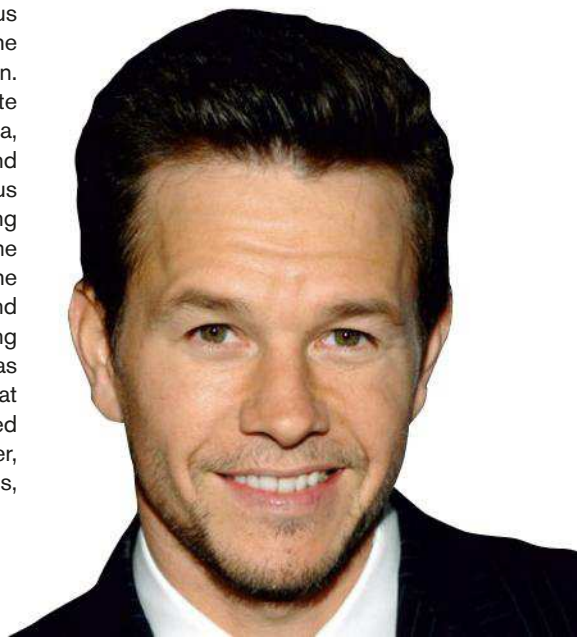
## ALTHOUGH WAHLBERG MAY HAVE A BRIGHT, BOOMING PRESENCE AS A HOLLYWOOD ACTOR, HIS PAST IS LESS THAN A FAIRYTALE.

What's more, his appearance in "I Heart Huckabees"—one of the most eccentric, leftfield satires to ever come out of Hollywood—as a firefighter/philosopher was a weird direction for any actor to take his career. In other words, Wahlberg isn't afraid to take risks and experiment.

Although Wahlberg may have a bright, booming presence as a Hollywood actor, his past is less than a fairytale. It's obvious enough simply by listening to him; the actor grew up in a rough part of Boston. What you might not expect is that despite his charismatic, nice-guy public persona, the actor has a history of hate crimes and gang membership. The most notorious transgression he's known for is beating up two Vietnamese men on the same day when he was 16. The first person he attacked with a wooden stick, the second he simply took to with his fists while yelling racial slurs. Since then, Wahlberg has openly regretted his actions, stating that he's "paid for his mistakes" and denounced the gangs he was involved in. Moreover, he is pursuing a pardon for his crimes,

and one of his victims has supported the move, saying, "He should not have crime hanging over him any longer." Nothing can possibly redeem the grave wrongdoings and delinquency for which Wahlberg is responsible, and it would be absurd to pretend that anything can. But if there's at least still something obliquely inspiring here, it's the fact that he's still managed to bounce back into such an illustrious, talented career, despite such a morbid past filled with mistakes and regrets.

Now that the restaurant reality show "Wahlburgers" has concluded its fifth season this year, what does he have in store for us next? No less than another curveball in a versatile catalogue. This time, Wahlberg is venturing into political territory, with "Darkwater Horizon" set to hit theatres in the fall. The film explores the gigantic oil spill after the explosion on the BP-operated oil rig in the Gulf of Mexico, which resulted in the deaths of eleven people and is considered the worst man-made environmental disaster in U.S. history. At any rate, it doesn't even matter whether his movies are any good or not; Wahlberg always brings something impressive and sympathetic to his performances that puts most of his contemporaries to shame. So, it's about time we forgot about Leo's Oscar—when will Marky Mark finally bring his trophy homey home?

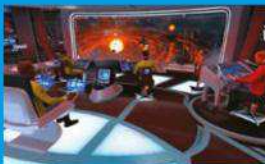


SPIDER-MAN



## BEST VR RELEASES

SONY ANNOUNCED IT WOULD RELEASE 50 GAMES ALONG WITH ITS NEW VR HEADSET. COMBINING SIMPLICITY WITH DESIGN, OUR TOP PICKS ARE VIRTUALLY FLAWLESS.



### » STAR TREK: BRIDGE CREW

The 4-player co-op game will have you living the dream of captaining a Federation starship through deep space. Step into one of four roles: Captain, Helm, Tactical, or Engineering. "Bridge Crew" arrives via Oculus Rift, HTC Vive, and PS VR.

## GAMING

# HANDS ON DESIGN

**T**HIS year's E3 conference in Los Angeles exceeded all expectations. We witnessed new consoles, VR releases, and big franchise games on big screens. Gamers twiddled their thumbs trying to contain their excitement, while spokespeople for PlayStation, Microsoft, and Nintendo took to the stage and revealed the future of gaming. And it's big.

Playstation proved yet again to be the powerhouse, with the release of its Virtual Reality headset (due in October) and 50 games to accompany it. Xbox and Playstation announced new consoles, offering incremental upgrades from their current systems, with 4K capabilities for ultra crisp gaming. Nintendo remained tight-lipped, but promised something exciting.

## Game Releases

### » Spider-Man

The announcement that Insomniac will collaborate with Marvel for a Sony exclusive Spider-Man game garnered gasps. While Sony revealed little, we know it's not connected to the Marvel Cinematic Universe. Instead, they'll offer an all-new story in a new world with the promise of open world exploration.

### » Resident Evil 7

"Resident Evil" returns the series to the kind of survival horror we can't get enough of. If one thing is certain, #7 is going to scare the shit out of you—like really badly. If you feel brave enough, you can pick it up in Playstation VR. Or don't, we won't blame you.

### » RIPCOIL

Sometimes, you need to take it back to basics. Think "Pong" and air-hockey, but in Virtual Reality. Tend your goal while baffling your opponent with your disc-tossing skills. Sounds simple, sure, but it's also a whole lot of fun.



SEA OF THIEVES

### » Sea of Thieves

Crew up, load your musket, and don't forget the rum as you sail the high seas, a buccaneering pirate in search of hidden riches and plunder. The pirate life awaits in this open world multiplayer environment, set for release in 2017 on Xbox.

### » God of War

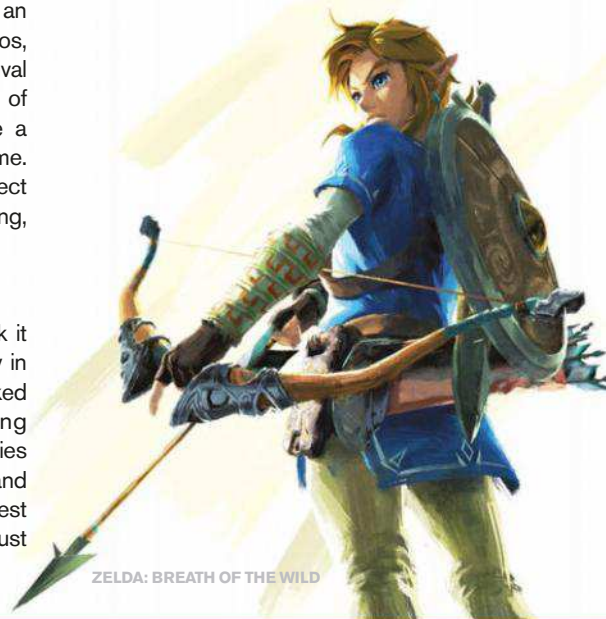
"God of War" is back, and man we're excited—the trailer looked epic. Set in an unfamiliar land of Norse mythology, Kratos, joined by his son, must fight for survival as great forces threaten his new life of solitude. The trailer looked more like a third-person, open-ish world action game. We're not exactly sure, but you can expect brutal weapons and hand-to-hand fighting, the stuff we love.

### » Halo Wars 2

If you're yet to watch the trailer, check it out—it's epic. Expect real-time strategy in an all-new story told in 13 action-packed missions. Command overwhelming firepower in large-scale battles with armies of Spartans, Warthogs, Scorpions, and new and exciting units on the biggest "Halo" battlefield ever. Your weekends just got booked.

### » Zelda: Breath of The Wild

Nintendo only needed one game to wow the audience at E3, and that was "Zelda: Breath of The Wild." And wow it did. This boundary-breaking game in the acclaimed series offers the largest world yet for Link to explore, along with new physics and exciting challenges. Fans of "Zelda" cannot wait to get their hands on this one, and neither can we. ☺



ZELDA: BREATH OF THE WILD

### » BATTLEZONE

If you're under 40, you might've missed the original "Battlezone"—Atari's 1980 arcade classic. Now on VR, the result is one of the best VR experiences we've ever had. The simple graphics lend themselves to addictively fun gameplay.





## #aftersexselfie

After a challenging first day of classes, Anya Olsen and Scarlet Red sneak away from the quad for a little quiet time. We like to think these two scholarly undergrads are committed to their classes, but once they started taking selfies, their little study session didn't have a chance. #firsttime #girltime #alrightalrightalright

**Photography:** Tammy Sands

















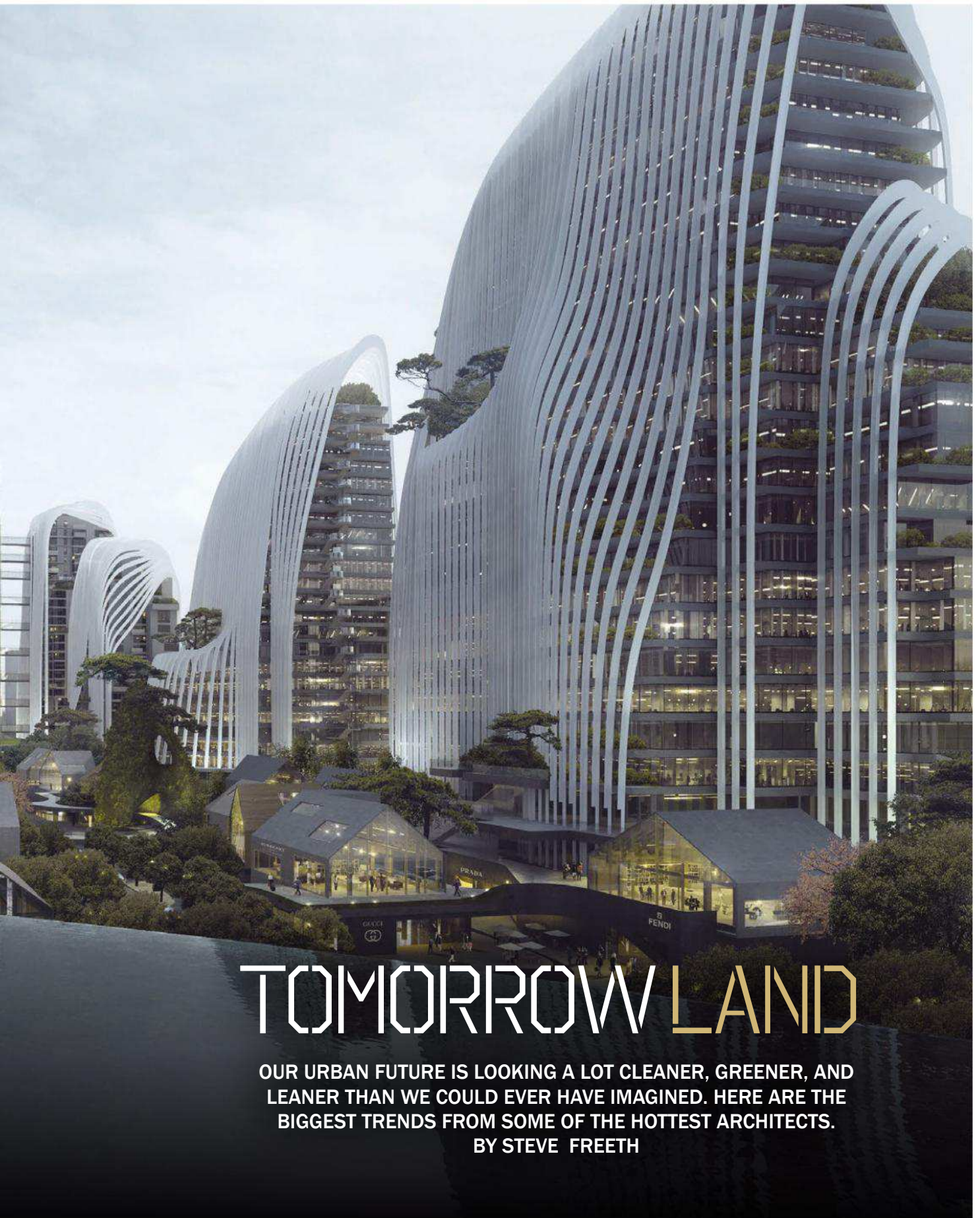


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HL

HIGH LIFE



# TOMORROWLAND

OUR URBAN FUTURE IS LOOKING A LOT CLEANER, GREENER, AND LEANER THAN WE COULD EVER HAVE IMAGINED. HERE ARE THE BIGGEST TRENDS FROM SOME OF THE HOTTEST ARCHITECTS.

BY STEVE FREETH



## ARCHITECTURE

# BUILDING A BRIGHTER TOMORROW

IN just over a decade, 60 percent of the world's population will live in cities, and a lot more of us will call megacities (with more than 10 million people) home. Tokyo and Shanghai are already nudging 40 million so it's no wonder the pressure's on to make room for everyone and to do it in style, if possible.

Thankfully architects are rising to the challenge, helping to reshape our cities with towers that are taller, smarter, greener, and yes, weirder, than anything we've seen before. They're tapping new materials, next-generation engineering, advanced design software, and digital technologies to re-imagine just how we'll live in the near future.

Films like "Blade Runner" or "The Hunger Games" may have put their money on a bleak vision of decaying, dysfunctional cities, but the new architecture suggests our urban future is looking a lot cleaner, greener, and leaner than we could ever have imagined.

**ODA Architecture's** pencil-thin, ultra-tall skyscraper in New York ( II ) is next-generation city living, now rising in spots previously too small for towers. ODA's is not the first super-skinny highrise reshaping Manhattan's skyline, but it's the slimmest so far while still featuring expansive apartments and garden terraces in the clouds.

**MAD Architects** got its start in China but went global with shape-shifting designs that continue to re-imagine what buildings can be. Chaoyang Park Plaza in the heart of Beijing ( I ) is typical of the firm's sinuous, asymmetrical approach, creating a futuristic city blending otherworldly architecture with natural and artificial landscapes.

**Ateliers Jean Nouvel** gave Sydney its most striking apartment complex, One Central Park, with a stunning garden-draped design. Nouvel's Rosewood Sao Paulo Tower takes green building to a new height next step as the 330-ft. apartment/hotel complex rises skyward from the heritage site on terraced levels lush with gardens and trees.

The **Bjarke Ingels Group**, or BIG, hails from Denmark but their New York Spiral Tower ( IV ) checks all the global design boxes. Wrapped in a seamless pathway of green terraces, the Spiral reinvents the contemporary and sustainable office tower with new ways to gather, work, and move through the whole building.

**WATG's** award-winning design for the world's first freeform 3D-printed house ( III ) heralds the future home. Called "Curve Appeal," the spacey home welds the printed panels together to create a curvaceous, arching "self-supporting cellular matrix" that could just reinvent how we design, build, and live in skyscrapers.



# ON TWO WHEELS

FOR some people, motorcycles can seem like the luxury car's poor cousin with fewer headlines, far lower prices, and less interest from designers or tech companies. But you'd be wrong, given that they—and their motorbike and scooter gang members—are now estimated to be a \$2B global market, growing by nearly eight percent a year with more players coming to the table all the time.

And like high-end cars, they're also seeing a lot of innovation as they try to stay relevant in the major cities, for millennials and women, or to techheads who now expect speed plus smarts. The rush to make market and race "superbikes" backed by turbocharger technology is one outcome of that, but so is the sheer range of bikes now coming on to the market.

Electric motorcycles with embedded IQ in controls, screens, audio, engines, or helmets are all this year's hottest bike trends. But in the "gramming" age, so is attention-grabbing design either as futuristic as possible or back to basics—embracing unique, customized, or hand-built aesthetics. We take a spin around the latest trends in 2016's best-looking bikes.



## SKULLY AR-1

Futuristic helmets are all the rage, but SKULLY's AR-1 smart helmet is a standout for both looks and hands-free IQ. Launched by one of the most successful Indiegogo crowdfunding campaigns ever, the AR-1's integrated heads up display blends Augmented Reality, voice recognition, GPS, and a rear-facing camera to deliver the ride of your life.



## XDIAVEL S

It's not hard to see why legendary Italian bike company Ducati just won a Red Dot global design award for its dramatic cruiser, the XDiavel S. The "long, low-slung, muscular" bike puts as much style into each component as it does blending Ducati's high-performance DNA with the demands of long-range riding.





### KTM 360RC

The trend toward versatile, bare bones, big performance bikes is summed up by KTM's 390 RC. This sexy, extremely sporty bike is lightweight, agile, and suitable for urban, country, or flat-out racing, with its steel trellis frame, state-of-the-art, liquid cooled, single cylinder, four-stroke 375cc engine. Looks great too.

## ON TWO WHEELS



### ZEUS TWELVE THORIUM

Gray Design's limited edition Zeus Twelve Thorium, billed as the world's first luxury motorcycle, is sculpture in motion. Long, emphatic, and sleek with dazzling white, gold, and silver accents, the Thorium's state-of-the-art electric drive nets a top speed of 100 mph and range of 170 miles and sweetens the deal with embedded Bang & Olufsen sound.



## HARLEY DAVIDSON LIVEWIRE

Iconic manufacturer Harley Davidson's first electric bike, Project LiveWire, has all the classic styling but adds the latest technology to deliver "exhilarating acceleration" and a re-imagined "look, sound, and feel." Just as pioneering, Harley Davidson is still refining the bike through crowdsourced feedback via its global Project LiveWire Experience Tour.



## AIRBUS LIGHTRIDER

Airplane giant Airbus's revolutionary LightRider is the world's first 3D-printed motorcycle whose algorithm-fueled design fuses machine with a bionic exoskeleton. Over 30 percent lighter than anything else around, the tubular frame made up of millions of aluminum alloy particles houses an electric motor that powers the bike from zero to 50 in seconds. Holy shit.

## STYLE AT SEA

NO one quite agrees on just how to parse the differences between a superyacht, megayacht, or even the emerging gigayacht, but everyone's pretty sure it's a booming market. Estimates suggest there were around 4,500 100-ft-or-longer superyachts in the world at the end of 2015 with another 700 or so on order, with some of the best going for billions.

The people who own one are the so-called Ultra High Net Worth Individuals—with \$30m or more on hand, and an average \$10m-plus boat (leaving nearly \$20m for snacks). For a long time, bigger was just a hell of a lot better, but yachts are changing to better handle adventure, with luxurious appointments and room for lots of toys to play with once you finally drop anchor.

Which is probably why there's just as much happening with smaller watercraft too, as motor yachts, speedboats, sports yachts, or whatever-the-fuck else you'd like to call them get reinvented and mashed up with more power, good looks, and IQ. We take a look at the year's finest.

**1 /** Superyachts are going from ambling to adventurous, and that's where the striking SeaHawk ice-breaking yachts come in handy. At 338 feet long with a Polar Class 6 hull for cracking 2.5 feet of ice, room for three months of food, and a 12,000 nautical mile range, the SeaHawk is also gorgeously designed inside and out.

**2 /** Bugatti did boats in the 1930s before ultra luxury cars, and now they've teamed with yacht builder Palmer Johnson to create Niniette, an open carbon-fibre "sport yacht" that comes in three models starting at \$2 million. The styling, color scheme, and rich touches such as the titanium and exotic wood highlights are all classic Bugatti.

**3 /** Silver Arrows Marine's 45-foot ARROW460-Granturismo springs from a 4-year design partnership with Mercedes-Benz—and it shows. The sculptural Granturismo re-imagines the luxury "motor yacht" by blending outdoor/indoor living with smart glass, retractable stern terrace, built-in sun deck, and double-console cockpit. All fitted out with Yanmar diesel engines for that quick getaway.

**4 /** Cigarette Racing's slogan "Why own a boat when you can own a legend?" sums up the \$1 million-plus 50-foot Marauder SS powerboat. Blending over-the-top racing performance with impeccably sleek looks, it's touted as the most powerful production twin-engine performance boat on the market, with 3,100 horses that can push this craft to an estimated 135mph.

**5 /** Vanquish Yachts just launched the stunning VQ 48 motorboat that takes the company's reputation for agility and luxury to the next level. Built by hand, the VQ 48's distinctive hull design, high-tech engineering, ultramodern dashboard, and tailored high-end audio systems constitute the next generation in boating.







## INSTANT CLASSIC

Sometimes life is confusing. Take Misty Lovelace, the September 2016 Pet of the Month, for example. Her devilish smile telegraphs that she's up to no good...but she's so damn sweet. And her tiny 5'3" frame is perfectly stacked with a deliciously thick booty and natural D-cupped sweater muffins. Okay—maybe “confusing” is the wrong word. Sometimes life is *wonderful*.

**Photography:** Tammy Sands



**“I’M HAPPIEST WHEN  
I’M NAKED WITH  
SOMEONE I LOVE.”**





**“MAKE ME LAUGH,  
TREAT ME SWEET,  
AND TAKE THE FIRST  
KISS FROM ME.”**











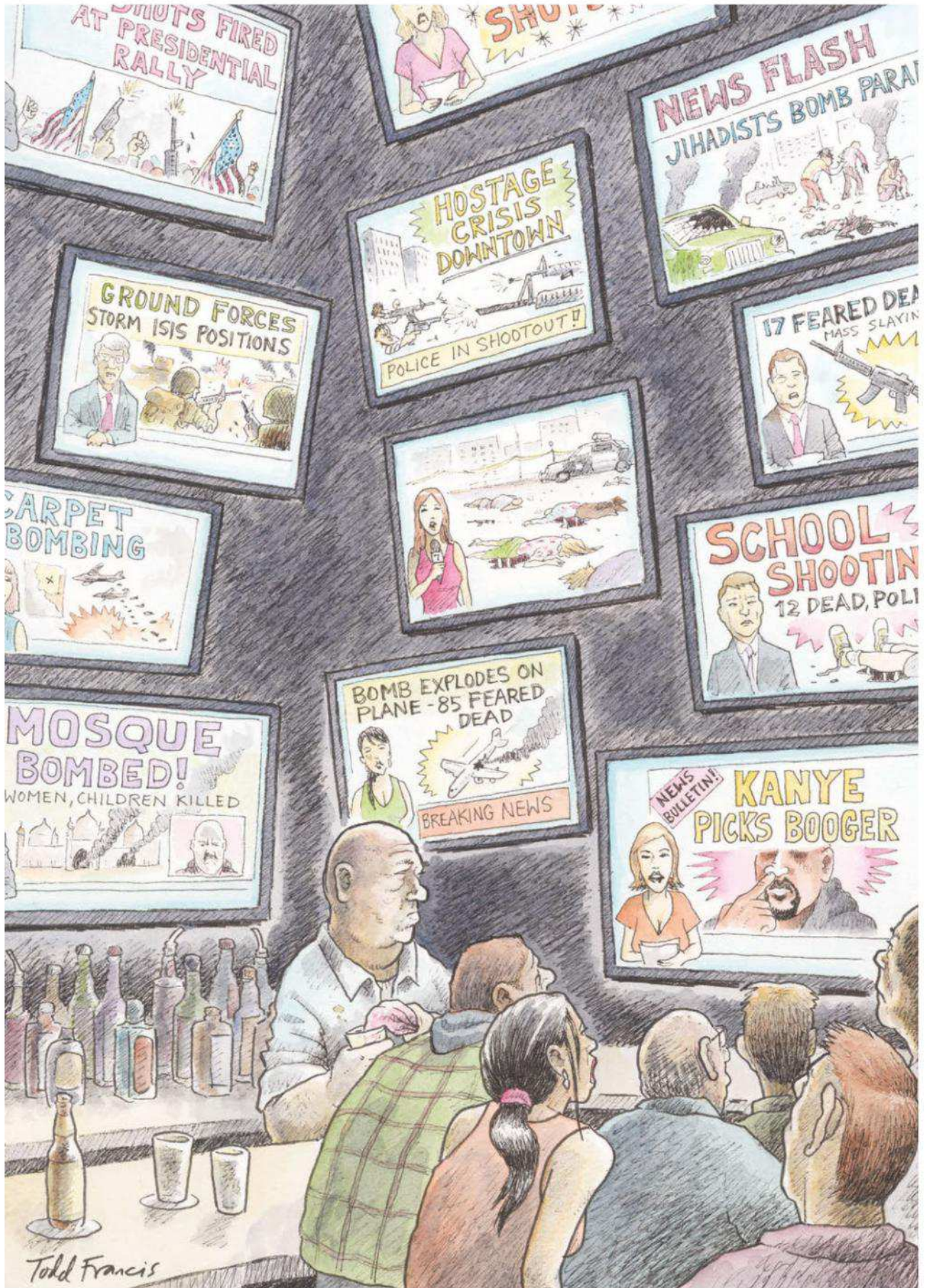






**“I’M ALWAYS UP FOR  
CAMPING, HIKING, AND  
SEX OUTSIDE.”**

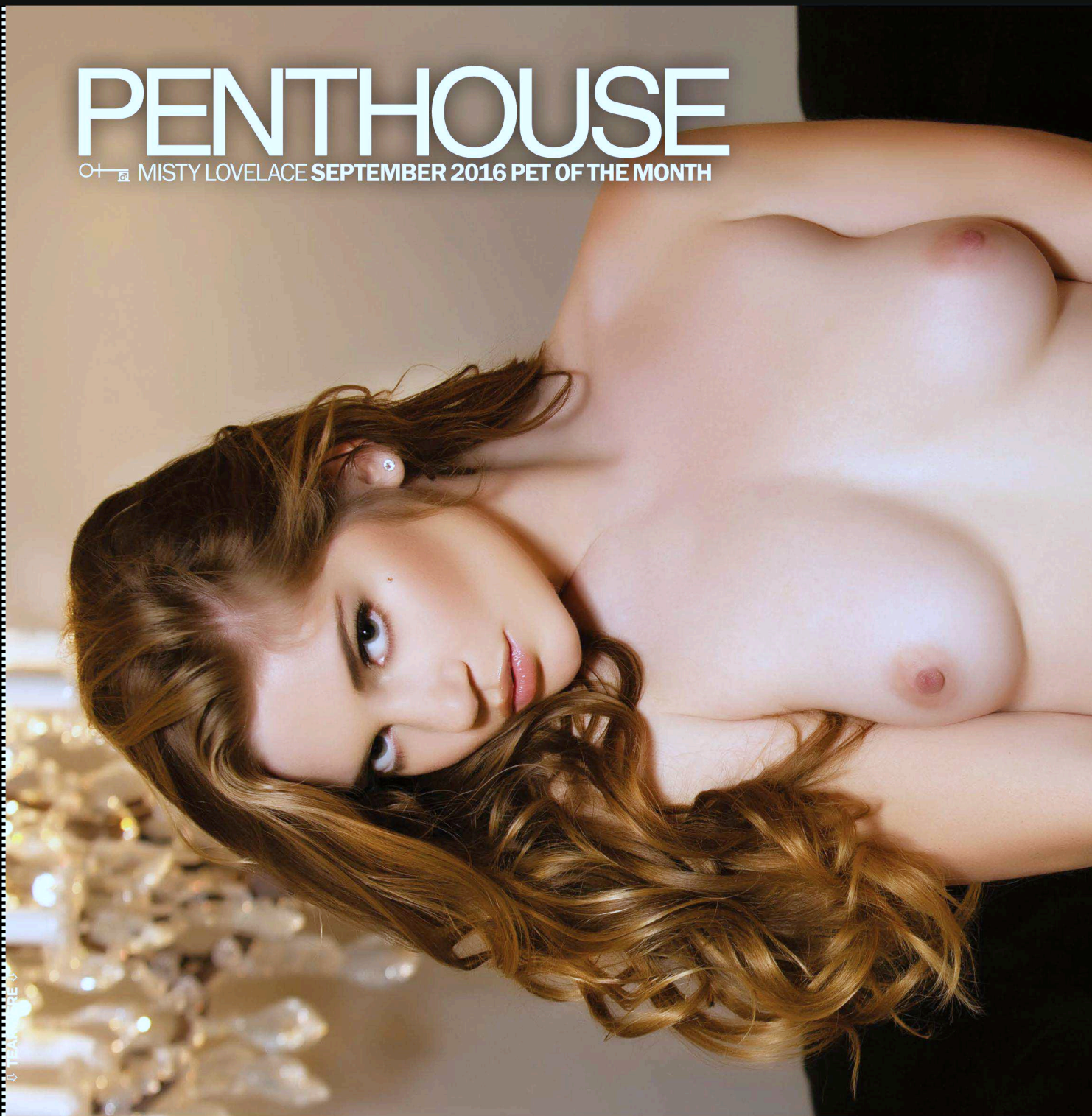




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# PENTHOUSE

♂ ♀ MISTY LOVELACE SEPTEMBER 2016 PET OF THE MONTH



↓ TEAR HERE ↓





# PENTHOUSE

✚ MISTY LOVELACE SEPTEMBER 2016 PET OF THE MONTH

**Vital Stats:**

32-26-33

5'3"

24 years old

**Hometown:**

Dallas, TX

**What's the most exciting place  
you've ever had sex?**

In a waterfall.

**What's your most memorable  
sexual experience?**

Sex on an inner tube in a river.

**What's the most daring thing  
you've done?**

Sex at work...or masturbating in public...

**What is...?**

Or oral at school.

**You may be our new favorite person.**

**What is your favorite sex position?**  
Doggie.

**Up for anal?**

Yes.

**Any fetishes?**

Yes. Pet play.

**Speaking of...how do you feel  
about being a Pet?**

I love the magazine and have watched how  
it developed over the years. I've always  
wanted to feel so beautiful and glamorous.  
It's truly a dream of mine.

SEE MORE OF MISTY LOVELACE AT  
**PENTHOUSE.COM**

# JURASSIC SUCCESS

JEFF GOLDBLUM TALKS DINOSAURS, ALIEN INVASIONS, AND BOYHOOD SHOWER SECRETS.

**R**ECENTLY, Liam Hemsworth had this to say about his “Independence Day: Resurgence” co-star Jeff Goldblum: “What you see is what you get. And all of us could benefit from dropping that front we hold on to a little bit.”

The 63-year-old grimaces when he hears it repeated back to him.

“That is very sweet but I’m always questioning what I say. I’m probably too open for my own preservation,” Goldblum says. *“Oh did I say the right thing? Should I have said that to him?”*

Hollywood could learn a thing or two from this man.

A living legend, Goldblum got his first movie break with a silent role as a nameless thug in “Death Wish” with Charles Bronson in 1974 and used his towering, bookish good looks and charismatic spirit to win supporting roles in “Silverado” [where he met first wife, actress Patricia Gaul], “The Big Chill,” and “Invasion of the Body Snatchers.”

His breakthrough came in the mid-Eighties in David Cronenberg’s remake of “The Fly,” which thrust the actor into the A-list [it’s also where he met second wife, Geena Davis], and he followed that with a string of modern classics including “The Tall Guy” and “Earth Girls Are Easy” [also with Davis].

Then came a lead in what was to become one of the biggest movies in history—“Jurassic Park.” Together with Steven Spielberg and a bunch of ferocious dinosaurs, Goldblum charmed audiences with his performances as sardonic Dr. Ian Malcolm

to a bountiful tune of over \$1 billion at the box office.

Surely he could never match that in his career?

Three years later, he did just that with Roland Emmerich’s sci-fi juggernaut, “Independence Day,” an earth-shattering saga in which marauding aliens bring havoc to the planet. “ID4,” as it was known, also took in just about a billion.

Goldblum was the king of the blockbuster.

And while attempting to leave behind his CGI roots with a series of indie hits over the years, a la “Igby Goes Down,” “Le Weekend,” and “The Grand Budapest Hotel,” when Goldblum was tempted back for another adventure with the dinos in “The Lost World,” we knew a second go-around with the aliens was destined to happen.

Alongside original cast members Bill Pullman and Vivica Fox, he returns as David Levinson, numerical genius and now head of the ESD [Earth Space Defense] which, for the last 20 years, has been preparing for a second invasion.

At 63, steadfastly youthful in a black leather biker jacket, the actor chats about the genesis of the sequel and why Roland Emmerich waited this long to finally step back in the ring with the extra-terrestrials.

He also chats about fatherhood, welcoming his first son with his third wife, Emilie Livingston—a son who was born on Independence Day last year.

And in frank, typically chatty form, he looks back on his career, questions a return to the dinosaurs, and explains why he’ll never stop learning.



**Was a sequel always in the cards and was it simply a case of waiting for it to happen?**

I had a feeling it would happen. I was never certain but you know, you have a feeling. I'm good like that. Intuitive intuition. Very tapped in. No, Roland [Emmerich] and Dean [Devlin] have been cooking this for twenty years, not to brag but I knew about it, [laughs] Not to brag but I knew about it...I've heard whispers on the green. But for Roland in particular, this is a very personal project. It was never a product he wanted to push out for the box office return that would have been the easy option. He wanted the script just right.

No one working on this movie ever expected it have this global response that has reverberated and resonated over the past 20 years. It completely exceeded expectations. We knew we were on to something great, but you can't predict that breed of universal reaction. And for 20 years, we've all been asked when is there going to be more, when is it going to happen? And now we're finally here, pretty much 20 years to the day it came out. Perfect timing.

So four years ago, I met with them, they were going to proceed, they had the script, they had cracked it and everyone was very happy with it. He almost had it right but then the engines were reversed

And we got the cast back, actors who I have tremendous respect for; Bill Pullman, Brent Spiner, Vivica Fox, and then the new cast, Liam, Jessie, Sela Ward, the talented Charlotte Gainsbourg, do you know her? Have you seen her in Lars Von Trier's "Melancholia?" "AntiChrist," "Nymphomaniac?" Tremendously gifted.

**You seem to have really made an impression on Liam...he says he's in love with you!**

And it's reciprocated. There stands a beautiful man, inside and out. Yea, really was a pleasure being in his company. Beautiful values and morals, treats everyone he meets with the utmost respect. Like his character, there's that brooding heroism. He is and will be an important actor on our cinemas' screens.

**So explain to me what David is up to 20 years later?**

He's the head of the ESD, the Earth Space Defense which means I am now, the coalition director of all things national defense, an international cooperative which crosses all borders. I'm kinda an important guy.

**Makes sense, he was responsible for offering what little forewarning they had the first time around.**

So yes, so who better to man the barracks if the aliens were ever to make a tumultuous return!

technology to arm a fleet against another attack. Which he knows is coming. He's anticipating a war.

He was in that mothership, he enjoyed and endured a brief taste of their mind set. This is what 20 years has done to David Levinson. He's a changed man.

**How is this invasion different from the last?**

How is it different? I think, I...what is interesting about this invasion, it poses interesting questions about them and quizzically, ourselves also which is the creative prowess of Roland Emmerich's writing. There's so many questions that weren't answered in the last one. Where did they come from? What was their intent? Did we really beat them?

The last time, it was an interpretation that they wanted to exterminate our species, all life on the planet and drain our resources. But from this visitation we infer things about them which shines a light on ourselves, our current situation, and what we need to work on.

**That's pretty deep for a summer blockbuster.**

That's the ever-metamorphosing genius of Roland Emmerich.

**I have to say, you haven't aged a day in 20 years. What's the secret?**

No secret, no elixir, because I would gladly take it if there was. I look after myself, I eat well and healthily, I work out from time to time, I don't have any debilitating vices.

And I "think" young. I don't think of myself as a young man, because I'm not, I'm far from it. But I try to see things from a younger, more optimistic perspective which can help you look younger. Thinking younger, looking younger. And I'm not saying, trying to physically look younger because that generally has the opposite effect.

I'm also a father now. Charlie Ocean, he keeps me young.

**Ocean, I love that name!**

Thank you! We hope he will like it too.

**And he was born on Independence Day! Sure the studio loved that...**

It doesn't get better than that. Joyous coincidence. You know, we were told July 4th but you give allowances for a couple of weeks before, and after—normally a first baby is supposed to be overdue. But sure as you know it, Emilie says, "Ohh, I think something is happening," and along

## **"I'M NOURISHED BY THE ACT OF ACTING. THAT'S WHAT ABSORBS ME AND DELIGHTS AND APPETIZES MY SPIRITUAL PALATE."**

for about two years because he was uncomfortable with the script. It took a while to get things going again.

**It wasn't the studio getting nervous also?**

No, it wasn't a difficult production to get off the ground. Far from it, the studio has been waiting for 20 years. They were ready with the starter's gun, they just needed Roland's say-so, who is a director I've been passionately wanting to work with again. He really is the Da Vinci in his genre, the Shakespeare, the Plato. A defining artist.

Which when I read the script first, I thought it was an expected career change. What now? He went from working at a cable TV company to this. He was an underachieving guy, who rode a bicycle, frustrated by his surroundings.

And as well, I always thought of him as a scholar, as an environmentalist, he's used much of the downed alien technology to solve many of the world's global environmental problems, simplify out energy needs, rebuild. But as a previously vocal pacifist, there's this contradiction because he's also used this

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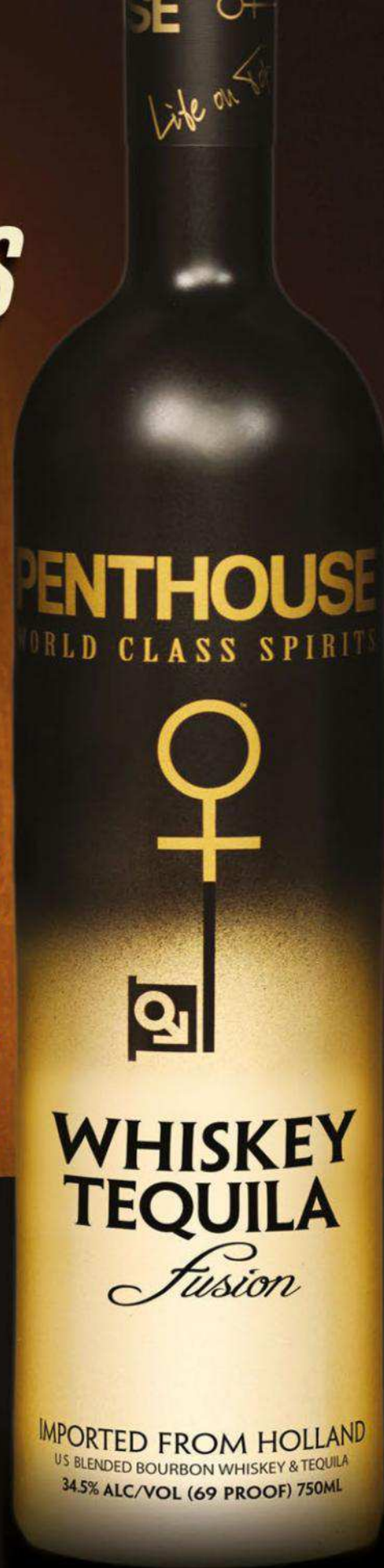
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CLOCKWISE FROM ABOVE: As Dr. Ian Malcolm in 1993's "Jurassic Park" as Deputy Kovacs in Wes Anderson's "The Grand Budapest Hotel," and in "Independence Day: Resurgence," as David Levinson

came Charlie Ocean on Independence Day. You couldn't make it up.

**Now that you've come back to "Independence Day," when are we going to see Dr. Malcolm come back to "Jurassic Park"?**

I don't know, I've never received any call to reprise the role for the last one. I wasn't even in the third one either so the answer to that is, I don't know.

**Would you like to?**

I did the first two with Spielberg and I don't know if there's a place for the character is the new world.

**Between fighting green screen aliens and green screen dinosaurs, you're a green screen veteran.**

It's just an extension of acting, all that green screen stuff, although in "Jurassic Park," some of the dinosaurs were done by Stan Winston's exemplary puppeteering, which was something to marvel at.

**Ohh, wow you've never seen anything like that.**

But acting always has some element of imagination, and in these movies, it's not meant to be. It's fantasy and I'm pretending, that's what I do as an actor. In everything I've done, plays I've done,

you're often pretending you're in a place you're not really in, but that's what it's all about. It's a game.

**When did you first decide you wanted to be part of "the game"?**

When I was a kid, I got the idea early on to be an actor just from watching the greats like Peter Sellers. Ohh the magnificent Peter Sellers in "Lolita," Clouseau, "Being There." Then Brando, people I adored, still adore. And then I remember when, during my last years in high school, every morning I would have a shower and on the steam on my shower door, I would write, "Please God, let me be an actor," and then I would wipe it off before anyone could see it. It was kind of a secret.


Then I left Pittsburgh, moved to New York for four years and studied at the Neighborhood Playhouse and learned under the great Sandy Meisner who taught me to learn to be a piece of nature and appreciate the moment and the movement around you. "Use what exists," he would always say, which has a rainbow of different meanings, but it's my mantra in life. I never stop learning. Even to this day, at this moment, I will never stop learning. Acting is a constant education.

**You've been acting now for 40 years, haven't you learned enough at this stage?**

These are my acting studies, it's like gardening, it takes constant excavating and over a long period of time, you see growth and life. And it's enjoyable to be in the process of trying and digging and I hope that never ceases.

**You starred in two of the biggest box office-grossing hits of all time but you tend to work on more indie movies lately like "Le Weekend" and "Grand Budapest Hotel." Which are you more comfortable in?**

I'm nourished by the act of acting. That's what absorbs me and delights and appetizes my spiritual palate. I'm more interested in, what it's about and people, if they see it, will they be nourished by it? That's what I care about.

There's many different ways to answer that but predominantly, I don't know. I'm not a determined [person]. From the day I got my first job, there was never any structure or plan. I fell into this because it was a passion that I loved, I went with my gut, and followed what I loved to do. That's a success at life right there. 



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# BLACK ROSE

Elegant Vivienne Black waits in the garret, a lush beauty with blue-black hair. What blooms in the upstairs room? Spoiler alert: *It's her vulva.*

**Photography: Eye Candy Photography**





















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IMAGE: GETTY IMAGES / JOHN SOMMERS II / STRINGER / JUSTIN SULLIVAN

WASHINGTON

OPINION

# MAKE YOU GREAT AGAIN!

A NEW AMERICAN CENTURY OF...YOU

BY STEVE FABER

**W**HAT is the disease of the current American body politic? In Washingwood, we think we've got it figured out. After all, we helped create it. Like a shady pharmaceutical company that creates the illness they then seek to "treat and cure," Washingwood and its component parts, Hollywood and Washington D.C., have created a particular paradigm mixing message and bloviating about

policy...all directed toward and for you.

A bit of history: Identity politics for good and ill has been around for more than three decades. Interest groups, religious, secular, gay, straight, gun-nutty, anti-gun-nutty...pick your poison. The informed or semi-informed voter identified with the group and thus the candidate who sought that voter's support identified with the particular group.

You can shitcan all that now. It's meaningless. What 2016 is teaching us, *has* taught us, is that this election is not about identifying with a particular group and voting as that group mandates, rather it is about identifying with the one interest group you'll never leave and didn't ask to join. You. The self.

We've been focus-grouped and polled to death this election cycle, and if we're to take anything away from these groups and this polling it's that JFK's call to national duty was just so much chin-music. It's all about you. The self. You, the complicated, contradictory, angry, angrily contradictory, angrily inspired, defensive, "fact"-bloated political consumer. Our two major party candidates for the Presidency? They don't want you to identify with a set of policy positions, convention platforms, and such. *Who cares?* Who has the time, right? No, they want you to identify with the real you infused with heart, mind, and soul of the candidate. A strange take on the Catholic Mass. You...listen to their verbal blather. You...get a shiver up your spine when that candidate stumbles upon something ill-defined yet something that resonates with you. And you...infuse them into... you.

This explains why establishment Republicans have a gigantic stick up their collective ass when it comes to Trump. His policies (I use that word in the broadest possible sense...perhaps even ironically) smell more like an old southern anti-integration, trade war Democrat rather than the button up, button down Republican that looks like Paul Ryan or Mitt Romney. He mirrors none of the above mentioned, and he doesn't have to...as long as he slips quietly into the darkest recesses of your soul and hangs around until November. More on Trump later.

Hillary Rodham Clinton is what we'd call in the old days of political agitating...a Republican. An interventionist, a free-trader, a de-regulator, etc., but again it doesn't matter.



Why? In this new age of registering your actions and emotions every five seconds on Facebook, Twitter, Snapchat, Whogivsafuk (I made that last one up), politicians connected the dots...at least in their own minds. With the help of the Hollywood machine and the D.C. power structure, these dots connected into an epiphany: It matters not, the politician thinks, what I stand for. No, what matters is what you think I stand for and how much of that you're willing to insert into your own body. It's political coitus.

Hillary Clinton has legitimate trust issues; sadly the voter on average can't specifically explain what it is they don't trust about her. The average voter does not understand the nuances of a private server, classified material, all of it. She's had these issues for years, and my guess is that she will continue to have them for years. It matters not.

Hillary Clinton has trust issues because you have trust issues. The only viable voting bloc that seems well-informed is millennials and even they cannot fully and coherently understand why they don't like her and why they prefer Bernie Sanders. It's pretty easy to figure out.

Hillary Clinton to a generation of people my age and younger represents their first marriage or relationship. You got married far too young, you fucked up, you were stupid, and it ended in an amicable, slightly bitter non-contested divorce a year later. You went on with your life. Hillary didn't. She hung around, ostensibly

knows this...and what she doesn't know after all these years, the Jon Podestas, the David Brocks, the Robby Mooks, the Humas, and the Cheryls, all the cogs in the Clinton machine are happy to take their polling and focus groups and shove it up her ass so she really...I don't know...feels it.

The Clintons, jointly and separately, incarcerated a loved one? The Clintons, through a series of trade deals (that read more like a felonious sexual assault) destroyed your job, your town, wiped out your savings? It doesn't matter. You did that. Because you are her. And she is more than happy to be you.

Donald Trump and his supporters fit perfectly into this model. Trump is the remark you make to a friend in a bar: hushed, paranoid someone else will hear, a remark that is racist, sexist, xenophobic...just wrong. You don't really feel that way, that way you felt when you made the remark, but it's been a long day. You're fucking tired. You hate your boss, you loathe your job, your sex life is stale, you're out of choices and you make that remark. The friend you're speaking to...is Donald Trump. And he whispers back: "I understand. You were great once." (That translates into "there was a time when you had no responsibility and could walk the walk and talk the talk you no longer can.") Trump holds up a mirror. You look into the mirror, and as his image changes...it turns out that Donald Trump is you! You are Donald Trump. You're one.

## TRUMP HOLDS UP A MIRROR. YOU LOOK INTO IT. TURNS OUT TRUMP IS YOU! YOU ARE DONALD TRUMP!

well-meaning, dispensing advice, even vetting your future lovers. She got on your nerves, but you couldn't quite tell why. It was something in...you. Something ambiguous, a feeling, something you could not give voice to. However, the bottom line was you had to tell her to back off, that life goes on, etc., you did that in an email and never heard back. She never went away. Finally in 2016...you've had it. This is why millennials do not find her candidacy and likely election inspiring or historic. To this group, they find her candidacy and likely election about as inspiring as learning their Mom was just elected President of the local P.T.A. Well, if it keeps her off my ass for a few hours, let her go for it.

This also explains an issue that's a bit touchier. The (Bill)Clinton administration was responsible for one of the most heinous crime bills in history, one which overwhelmingly and intentionally targeted and impacted the African-American male population. Couple that with the Welfare Reform bill and her vote on Iraq, and one would think the African-American community would reject, pro forma, Hillary Clinton. Not so. Why? Because she is you, and you are her. You shared the same struggles, you dreamt the same dream, you reached high to break the same ceilings. That's all pure bullshit, of course. But as long as you kneel and receive the host from the Priestess Clinton, you and Hillary have become one. So it is you that is running for President. Not her. *You*. And she

I believe that underneath the protests and the verbiage, those who oppose Donald Trump aren't really scared of Donald Trump. They're (rightfully) scared of his supporters. I cannot emphasize enough how many times friends have told me about other friends who are supporting Trump. "I can't believe [fill in name] is supporting Trump!" Well, I can believe it. Because I believe these friends of friends, were they to undergo psychoanalysis, would reveal that life simply didn't turn out the way they thought it would. For them. For you. And they are extremely pissed off. However they're not pissed off at the government, because most cannot explicate what a Donald Trump policy is, what policy would remedy what problem (aside from a wall and a ban). They're pissed off at themselves. Trump has spent the better part of a public life, be it television shows or phony universities, telling us what we already think we know: we're losers, but...we have another chance at redemption. Absorb Donald The Redeemer into the self and away you go! The bad things go away and you're on a space shuttle to personal, financial, sexual outer orbit.

There's an irony in all this: they are us and we are them. Yet we don't like, let alone love, ourselves. So who's left to love? Us? Them? No one? Well, we'll be in the White House soon. And...things...will be better.

I promise. ☺

# kanøn

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## JUNIOR VARSITY

"The way a team plays as a whole determines its success. You may have the greatest bunch of individual stars in the world, but if they don't play together, the club won't be worth a dime." —Babe Ruth

**Models:** Anne Melbourne, Ophelia Rose, Lulu Reynolds, Hope Morgan  
**Photography:** HM








**“CHAMPIONS KEEP  
PLAYING UNTIL THEY  
GET IT RIGHT.”  
—BILLIE JEAN KING**



A full-page photograph of a nude woman with long, wavy blonde hair. She is sitting and leaning back, holding a banana in her right hand and taking a bite. She is looking directly at the camera with a slight smile. Her left hand is resting on her right thigh. She has a small tattoo on her left ribcage. The background is a plain, light-colored wall.

**“IT’S NOT WHETHER  
YOU GET KNOCKED DOWN;  
IT’S WHETHER YOU GET UP.”**  
—VINCE LOMBARDI







**“IF YOU AREN’T GOING ALL  
THE WAY, WHY GO AT ALL?”**

**—JOE NAMATH**





ILLUSTRATION BY JASON JOHNSON

# ROGUE TO THE WHITE HOUSE

TRUMP'S ORANGE-HEADED REVOLUTION  
BY MARTY BARRETT

**F**OR a long time, no levelheaded person took Donald Trump seriously as a presidential contender. He actually ran back in 2000, nabbing more than 15,000 votes in California as the Reform Party's candidate, and he has been publicly flirting with the idea since the 1980s. People thought it was more grandstanding, the type one might do if one is in the business of owning casinos, hosting beauty pageants, importing trophy wives, and starring in reality TV shows.

In fact, if you believe Stephanie Cegielski, the onetime spokesperson for the shuttered Make America Great Again super PAC, Trump himself once considered his 2016 run alternately as a "protest candidacy" and a way to further his brand, nothing more. In an open letter to Trump supporters, published on the site xoJane, Cegielski wrote that Trump never expected things to go this far:

"...And I don't even know that he wanted to, which is perhaps the scariest prospect of all. He certainly was never prepared or equipped to go all the way to the White House, but his ego has now taken over the driver's seat, and nothing else matters."

"Donald Trump has been saying that he will run for president as a Republican," said Seth Meyers, when he hosted the 2011 White House Correspondents' Dinner. "Which is surprising, because I just assumed he was running as a joke."

So did a lot of us, perhaps to our peril. But we thought our well-founded ridicule of the bombastic and buffoonish, semi-bronzed birther billionaire seemed like a sufficient weapon to send the famously thin-skinned, dim-bulb populist packing, à la Sarah Palin. But Trump has handily defeated a massive, unregulated militia of rivals, beating his nearest challenger, Ted Cruz, by nearly 20 percentage points overall in the primaries. And it seems like no amount of daylight shed on Trump's racism, vanity, bad business deals, misogyny, poor grasp of history and geography, or—let's face

it—shoddy English will sway his followers, who, even if they have their misgivings about the guy, hate Hillary Clinton enough to give the dealmaker a pass.

While detractors of Barack Obama lampoon the president's teleprompter reserve, and distrust the Clinton machine's meticulous production design and assimilation, they flock to Donald, who seems off-the-cuff and, by comparison, authentic. And while Trump's continued popularity is confounding to some (and the enduring narrative suggests that he is as surprised by it as you are), the very real potential of a President Trump come next year poses legitimate logistical concerns to civil servants whose job it is to keep government functioning no matter who is president.

Trump dropped out of the 2012 race, eventually endorsing Mitt Romney, who stood stiffly through the photo op. This March, Romney (who, by comparison with the field of misfits Trump faced, now looks like Marcus Aurelius) called Trump "a phony, a fraud."

"His bankruptcies have crushed small businesses and the men and women who worked for them. He inherited his business, he didn't create it. And what ever happened to Trump Airlines? How about Trump University? And then there's Trump Magazine and Trump Vodka and Trump Steaks and Trump Mortgage," Romney said. "A business genius he is not."

Romney's statement, delivered the week of the Iowa Caucus, reflected Republicans' vivid concern that Trump the Buffoon might have a shot at being President Buffoon, a dispiriting situation that had lost the GOP the White House in 2008.

And yet Trump still powered through. Even though "the establishment" was taking notice, Trump refused to act presidential, making menstruation jokes about debate moderator Megyn Kelly and imitating the physical disability of a hostile New York Times reporter.

The disparity between taking things seriously and running a brand campaign or protest candidacy (like Vermin Supreme, but with

**HIS BANKRUPTCIES  
HAVE CRUSHED  
SMALL BUSINESSES  
AND THE MEN  
AND WOMEN WHO  
WORKED FOR THEM.**

actual vermin) was evident in Trump's hiring of the belligerent Masshole Corey Lewandowski as his campaign manager. Lewandowski had been, at times, a lobbyist, a police officer, and a congressional staffer who had failed in every attempt to elect either an employer or himself. Probably his most dubious pre-Trump achievement was "forgetting" he was carrying a loaded handgun in his laundry bag when he entered a congressional office building in Washington, D.C.

As Trump's campaign manager from January 2015, Concealed Corey repeatedly came under fire for allegedly roughing up protesters and reporters. When he was dismissed in June (Lewandowski is now a CNN commentator, go figure), the campaign lost 50 percent of its unpredictable players, leaving only Trump.

But now there are scripted policy speeches versus stream-of-consciousness rants. Now Trump himself uses a teleprompter. Now Trump, for the first time in his career, is being packaged. Packaged like a Russian nesting doll, in fact. And if it's possible, Republicans might be more worried about The Donald's new strategists—a pair named Paul Manafort and Roger Stone—than they are about the candidate.

The history of the lobbying firm the two cofounded in 1980, Black, Manafort, Stone, and Kelly (BMS&K), is a truly jaw-dropping litany of Washington intrigue and machinations that would make Jimmy Stewart's earnest senator from "Mr. Smith Goes to Washington" shit himself and die.

Known as the "quiet" one, Manafort consulted and lobbied for the presidential campaigns of Gerald Ford, Ronald Reagan, and Bob Dole. Manafort is credited with stage-managing several Republican National Conventions and overseeing Reagan's 1984 "Morning in America" campaign, which resulted in the biggest electoral-vote haul in U.S. history, and the largest popular-vote landslide since Richard Nixon beat George McGovern in 1972. (Roger Stone has a tattoo of Nixon's face on his back).

‘  
**IT IS MANAFORT'S  
WORK FOR FOREIGN  
LEADERS THAT  
HAS DC INSIDERS  
MUNCHING TUMS.**  
,

PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES/PETRAS MALUKAS







But it is Manafort's work outside the United States that has Washington insiders munching Tums.

Manafort has had numerous lucrative side gigs working for some of the worst strongmen and dictators on earth. So much so that, in 1991, the Center for Public Integrity included BMS&K in its "Torturers' Lobby" list. Manafort took millions from representatives of Angola, Nigeria, and the Philippines in the 1980s, helping those countries (or the people trying to topple the governments of those countries, depending on who was paying) squeeze foreign aid and favors from Congress and the White House.

Prior to pitching in for Bob Dole's 1996 run, Manafort was embroiled in what became known as "the Karachi Affair," in which he admitted to being paid—get ready for this—in kickbacks for submarine sales to Pakistan in his work to elect Édouard Balladur to the presidency of France. (By comparison, I once did a job in exchange for someone's HBO Go password.) The French publication *Libération*, among others, reports that, when Balladur was defeated by Jacques Chirac in 1995, the new president cancelled all kickbacks and "commissions" to corrupt Pakistani officials, who may have retaliated in 2002 with a terrorist attack in Karachi that killed 11 French engineers.

Manafort's greatest international hit, however, and the project that seems to make him ideally suited for Trump, is his work with Ukrainian thug Viktor Yanukovich.

Yanukovich failed to win Ukraine's presidential election of 2004, in a campaign that was beset on all sides with widespread allegations of voter intimidation and fraud. Fed up, young protesters took to Kiev's Independence Square and other public arenas (including the internet) in what became known as the Orange Revolution. It was a heady time that suggested the possibility of Kiev as a more European, less Soviet, capital.

Yanukovich's people hired Manafort, and, according to a comprehensive article in *Slate*, the Connecticut native spent the next several years shuttling between the U.S. and Ukraine, remaking Yanukovich for public consumption. Yanukovich won the presidency in 2010 (he was ousted and fled the country four years later, but Manafort's checks had already been cashed), but at the expense of some delicate maneuvering the U.S. had done to remove Kiev from Moscow's sphere of influence.

"When American Ambassador William Taylor arrived in Kiev in 2006, he summoned Manafort to a meeting in his office," *Slate*'s Franklin Foer writes. "Manafort would become a fixture in the offices of American ambassadors to Ukraine, the U.S. government's primary conduit to Yanukovich and the pro-Russian camp. As Taylor told a group of American democracy activists just after the meeting, he had asked Manafort to tamp down Yanukovich's criticisms of the joint operations NATO was conducting with the Ukrainians. The implications of his ask were clear: The interests of American security were hurt by such rhetoric. 'American to American, I'm asking you to talk to [Yanukovich]!' Manafort scoffed at the notion. He bluntly announced that he wouldn't ask Yanukovich to dial back the rhetoric. It polled too well."

This is a similar story to one related in a piece for the late *Spy* magazine, by journalist Art Levine. Following the success of

Reagan's "Morning in America" campaign, Manafort was hired in 1985 by Angolan rebel Jonas Savimbi in his crusade against his country's Moscow-backed government. Manafort groomed Savimbi and took the ragged rebel leader (whom Levine describes as the planter of indiscriminate landmines and a soldier who literally burned his enemies as witches) and squired him around Washington, opening up the taps of proxy-war funding. But when Moscow stopped its own gravy train to the Angolan government, Manafort kept the pipeline going for Savimbi.

"So the war lasted another two more years and claimed a few thousand more lives!" Levine wrote. "What counts to a Washington lobbyist is the ability to deliver a tangible victory and spruce up his client's image."

To be fair, Washington lobbyists and fixers, who are associated with D.C.'s K Street the way advertising pros are "Mad[ison Avenue] Men," are a part of life in the capital. Following his success with the Bill Clinton War Room, strategist James Carville assisted campaigns in Afghanistan and South America. Tad Devine, Bernie Sanders's former senior advisor, also worked for Viktor Yanukovich. Every campaign employs "opposition research" to find, and in some cases place, skeletons in the closets of opponents.

Manafort's colleague Roger Stone is just such an opposition-research professional, described in a *Daily Beast* story as a "self-

admitted hit man for the GOP." Stone's flamboyant style is a stark contrast to his partner's (in addition to the Nixon tattoo, Stone has admitted placing swinger ads for himself and his wife, and, in clear defiance of the new Republican antiporn plank, flaunted a photo of himself with *Penthouse* staple Nina Hartley, both wearing skimpy bathing suits).

Of BSM&K's dealings with unsavory international players, Stone has said, "Black, Manafort, Stone, and Kelly lined up most of the dictators of the world we could find. [After all,] dictators are

in the eye of the beholder."

So this is who Trump has in his corner. Shortly after Manafort came on board officially, Trump delivered—by teleprompter—a policy speech worthy of May Day in Moscow.

"We will no longer surrender our country or its people to the false song of globalism," Trump said, sounding coherent and not at all himself. "The nation-state remains the true foundation of happiness and harmony."

If this sounds like something Vladimir Putin might say, bare-chested, in his clipped Russian, you have Paul Manafort to thank. Ever since taking Viktor Yanukovich from red-faced mouth-breather who didn't wear clean shirts to the presidency of the Ukraine (and, most importantly, back under Russia's thumb and away from NATO), an American oligarch like Trump is the perfect next step.

And Trump is playing right into it in a way that almost makes you feel sorry for him, as it appears that he's being flattered into someone else's agenda. Both Trump and Putin have bromanced each other in the press, Putin calling Trump "bright" and "talented" and Trump cheering Putin's leadership, especially in the way the latter silences journalists. If only Trump could dispatch the *Washington Post* the way Putin crushes *Fourth Estate* dissent.

"I got to know [Putin] very well because we were both on 60 Minutes," Trump said during one Republican debate. "We were

## TRUMP SOUNDED COHERENT AND NOT AT ALL HIMSELF.



stablemates, and we did very well that night." (They never met—Putin appeared via satellite.)

We get the sense that Trump, a self-aggrandizing man if not a self-made one, doesn't know he's being played by members of a class of people who are globalists themselves, in the sense that they are not loyal to the interests of a country so much as those of the highest bidder.

Sensing this, the intelligence community is wary of providing security briefings both to people like Manafort, for fear of where his real loyalties lie, and to Trump, whom they worry will just blurt out anything.

Says Gary Schmitt, a former Reagan administration official now at the American Enterprise Institute, to BuzzFeed:

"If Trump is to be given access to sensitive intelligence, which can't help but implicitly involve even more sensitive information about 'sources and methods,' then it's imperative that any campaign staff who have had commercial ties with foreign governments and politicians not be given access as well until they have gone through a full, thorough background check — not the typical perfunctory review."

The prospect of Manafort's and Stone's security review is mind-numbing.

"Would you sell out the United States to a foreign prince or

potentate?" they might be asked.

"How much we talking about here?" they might respond. "I like boats."

Maybe Trump is still reeling about how his publicity stunt got him here, but the real engineers of the Trump Train are as serious as a heart attack about making 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue the least-gaudy jewel in The Donald's empire come January, 2017. And what may surprise Trumpeters most is that their idol might unwittingly bring a little Red Square to the White House. Trump is just the sort of puppet Putin courts: an uncouth blowhard subject to flattery and really into Eastern Bloc women. What kind of deal will Trump make with Putin to Make America Great Again?

These are confusing times for a lot of people. Only Trump supporters seem united. So thank God for Pokémon Go. It's the only thing that has brought the country together these past few months. Whereas people used to wander the streets dazedly lamenting Bernie Sanders's endorsement of Hillary Clinton, or pondering head-scratchers like how a clown-topped peddler of bad steaks and unaccredited degrees could possibly get 14 million people to vote for him, now they just want to capture Jigglypuff without getting hit by a car. A nice Soviet car.

*Dasvidaniya, comrades.* ☪

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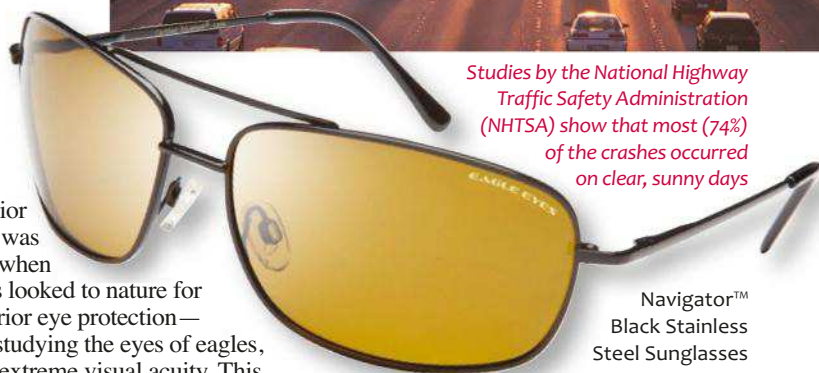
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# DITA VON TEESE

WHY THE INTERNATIONAL SEX ICON SOMETIMES WISHES SHE LEARNED TO DJ  
BY NATHAN HARMOND

**A**S the International Queen of Burlesque, Dita von Teese is an icon to women and men around the world. She's also one of the most sophisticated and glamorous individuals we've ever had the pleasure of laying eyes on.

Australia went into overdrive upon hearing von Teese would be bringing her critically-acclaimed show *Strip, Strip, Hooray Down Under*. We caught up with the burlesque queen, lingerie designer, best-selling author, and international entrepreneur to talk sex

about striptease on TV.

In Paris, it's always been a part of their culture. They love showgirls, they love being risqué, you know the Crazy Horse in Paris is an iconic Cabaret, it's been around since the 50's. It's all nude but held in national regard. The girls are considered national treasures so it's a little bit different there. I did about 35 shows [and] it was a big success.

**How does the attitude toward sex differ in Paris?**

People are people wherever you go, but I think as far as nudity people aren't as hung

start all those years ago.

**Your latest lingerie line takes inspiration from the retro-chic culture and aesthetic?**

Inspired by everyday glamour, it's meant to be worn in daily life, it's not a frivolous, fetish lingerie line, or anything. It's definitely something that has the element that I love from classic 1940s-50s Hollywood but modernized and made wearable for every day.

**Is the Dita Von Teese on stage different to the one I'd meet on the street?**

You won't catch me wearing a tee-shirt and

## I'M SELF-STYLED, SELF-MADE, AND I DO WHAT I DO BECAUSE I LOVE IT.

appeal, fetish modeling, her latest line of lingerie, and what it's like being a sex icon.

**Tell us about the tour so far...**

We just did three sold out nights here in Hollywood. It was a great new start; we have a lot of new people that have joined the cast so there are a lot of new things that we're polishing up to get ready to bring to Australia. It's been really fun and I'm pleased with how things are coming along.

**Great to hear. So, you recently had a residence at the Crazy Horse in Paris. How did the Parisians respond?**

In Paris, I'm able to do a lot of more big time press. I'm more known in France than I am in America in a lot of ways. In America, they're not allowed to show a lot of the stuff I do on TV, and a lot of people are nervous to talk

up. It's different. Historically it's always been a little more free in that way, so I guess that's never gone away. I guess in general, as far as the scene goes, there are a lot more risqué shows than there are in America.

**What inspired you to get into fetish modeling?**

That was in the 90's, around 1991, and I'd seen pictures of Bettie Page at a fetish store. I was at a fetish store because I was buying a Victorian Steel-Boned corset and back then that was the only place you could buy something like that. Someone gave me an address, and I walked in, and it was this world that I had never experienced. I saw a picture of Bettie, and I was also looking at these fetish mags, and I thought, "Why isn't someone bringing back this idea of retro fetishism like what Bettie Page did?" That's how I got my

jeans on the street, [but] I don't have an alter ego where I'm one person, sexy for magazines and on the red carpet then suddenly I have a different costume for real life. I'm self-styled, self-made, and I do what I do because I love it, and it's the only thing I know.

**What's it like being an icon for so many men and women around the world?**

It's sweet of you to say that, and I'm happy to be recognized for all these years of work, but at the same time, there are just as many people who haven't heard of you. I don't feel any differently. I have fans, people that follow my work, but at the same time the whole rest of the world hasn't heard of me. I don't walk around thinking how it feels to be an icon, I just do my work, and it's great to be recognized by some people. I'm not like Taylor Swift you know?



**She (Taylor Swift) loves writing about her ex-boyfriends, doesn't she?**

Oh yeah...I met her, but I still don't know her songs. I've never connected to what she actually sings...I basically don't listen to the radio; if I watch the Grammys I don't recognize most people. I listen to more alternative music. There is a whole other world that is not that commercially-driven that appeals to me.

**I couldn't agree more... Who are some of your favorite artists?**

I love The Presets. Hoping I'll get to catch up with them when I'm in Australia, I love a band called Monarchy, also Australian, Blood Orange...I listen to a lot of electronic music. **Blood Orange are amazing and The Presets are always good for a party...**

Yeah, I think they're great. Whenever they come to LA I see them and I know them a little bit. I'll definitely be inviting them to my show.

**It must be a hard life, the life of a touring artist...**

Doing production for my show, I produce my shows; it's a massive undertaking to

and all my DJ friends and boyfriends were like "you should learn to DJ."

**Well, it's not that hard, Paris Hilton did it...**

Yeah, and she's quite good...I've seen her play a couple of times and even though her music isn't my kind, she goes alright. You can make fun of her all you want but people still go to see her play and she's doing the same thing all those guys are doing, turning knobs and stuff.

**How many Louboutins do you own?**

Well, Christian Louboutin (a French luxury footwear and fashion designer) is a very close friend of mine, so he keeps me well-heeled. I don't know, I've never counted, I feel like that would be a weird thing to do, to count my shoes. But he's made all the shoes for my shows, and I'm lucky to have him.

**I read somewhere that he considers you a muse?**

Yeah...

**So, what's that like?**

Umm. It's nice. There are people like him who I have been admiring since I was in high

at my house or his house and get amazing images.

**What do you notice when you first go to a guy's place?**

Well, I guess I notice their style. Like I think when I was dating a lot I would really check it to see if our styles could ever mesh with each other. For me, I always thought there is no point in me falling in love with a minimalist who loves modern style. I'm a big collector of antiques and pin-up paintings. I just remember going on a date with this guy and going to his place and just thinking, "Oh, this is not going to work." Some people just don't have anything personal lying around. They like to live in stark white space with stark white furniture and nothing personal around, no photos. The ultra modern is a little bit of a turn-off for me because it's not my aesthetic. It's hard to imagine co-habiting with someone that doesn't like the same things as you do.

It's good to notice how clean someone is, so that's important too. In saying that, I'd rather someone come to my house; I'd

## IT'S HARD TO IMAGINE COHABITATING WITH SOMEONE WHO DOESN'T LIKE THE SAME THINGS AS YOU DO.

travel to Australia and bring all the props, costumes, and crew. Oh man, it'd be so much easier to be in a band, so many fewer overheads than putting on a production of this scale.

**A lot of people just see the glitz and the glamor, but they don't realize how much has gone on behind the scenes...**

Yeah, a lot of people just see a sold-out room and they say "Oh well, you sold out 1,500 tickets." Well yes, but it cost us \$200,000 to put on this show, and I'll probably make a little bit if I'm lucky, but people don't know that the costs of production are enormous. It's a labor of love. Sometimes I think, if I just could've been an electronic DJ, I could've just had an assistant and a hard-drive. It'd be so much easier! So many fewer overheads than bringing giant martini glasses and mechanical bulls and opium dens to other countries. That cost a lot of money.

**Are you thinking about becoming a DJ, Dita?**

No, I mean I have a lot of friends and I've been around the electronic scene since the early 90's, so I know lots of DJ's. I do wish I had just learned to DJ back then but this was also when everyone was playing vinyl

school and it's amazing to know them and have them creating things for me with me in mind; it's an honor.

**Do you have a favorite photographer to work with?**

I love working with Ali Mahdavi in Paris. We have a lot of things in common. We believe in glamor, in beautiful lighting and a classic Hollywood style, but with a modern twist. I trust him, and he has a great eye, and I feel like some of my best photos have been working with him. I also love Ellen Von Unwerth because it's very free and fun and you can do anything with her and you know the pics are going to be beautiful. She has a great eye for women's beauty, and you can let go in a photo shoot with her and you know she's going to get the best.

There are a lot of different photographers that I like for various reasons. I work with a guy called Albert Sanchez a lot, he shot all the images for my tour and I like to work with him, I do all the hair and makeup and it's just him and his partner and there is no big fuss and we just shoot beautiful photos without the fuss. I like the low-key, high glamor setup. You get great photos without 20 people standing around. We just do it

rather be in my territory from the beginning.

**Are you a book collection kind of girl?**

I have a library. I moved about six months ago and it was one of the most traumatic things ever, moving the book collection over, it was such a huge undertaking...

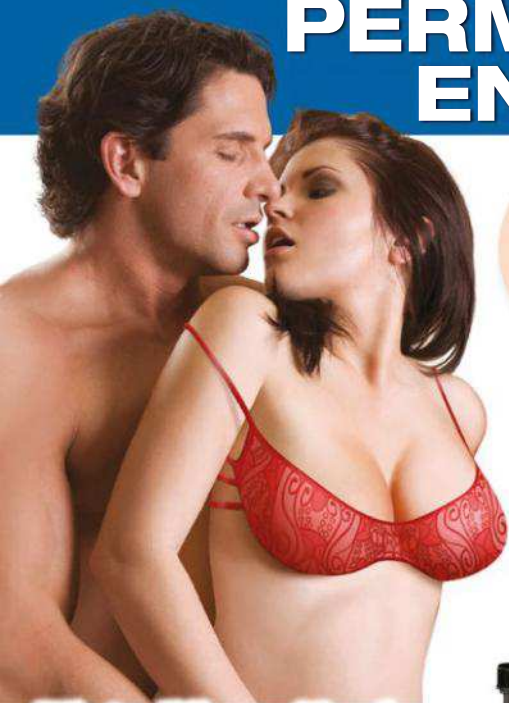
**Are you reading anything at the moment?**

Not at the moment because I've been in full showbiz mode. I was working on reading a book by my friend Liz Baldwin. It's about Los Angeles in the late 1800's when there was like the wild west, and she wrote a book based on historical accounts but it's semi-fictional. It's fascinating to read about L.A. at that time, especially when we think about Hollywood and movie stars of the 1920s and '30s, you don't hear a lot about LA around that time. It's called "Sporting Guys."

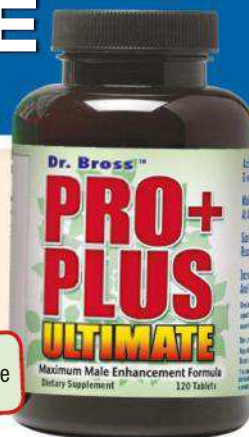
**Finally, What's your exercise routine, how do you stay so fit?**

I've done Pilates for many years, but I've recently started working cross fit. I was getting bored of pilates, and there were just a bunch of girls there so I was like, I'm going to go where the boys go and give cross-fit a go. ☺

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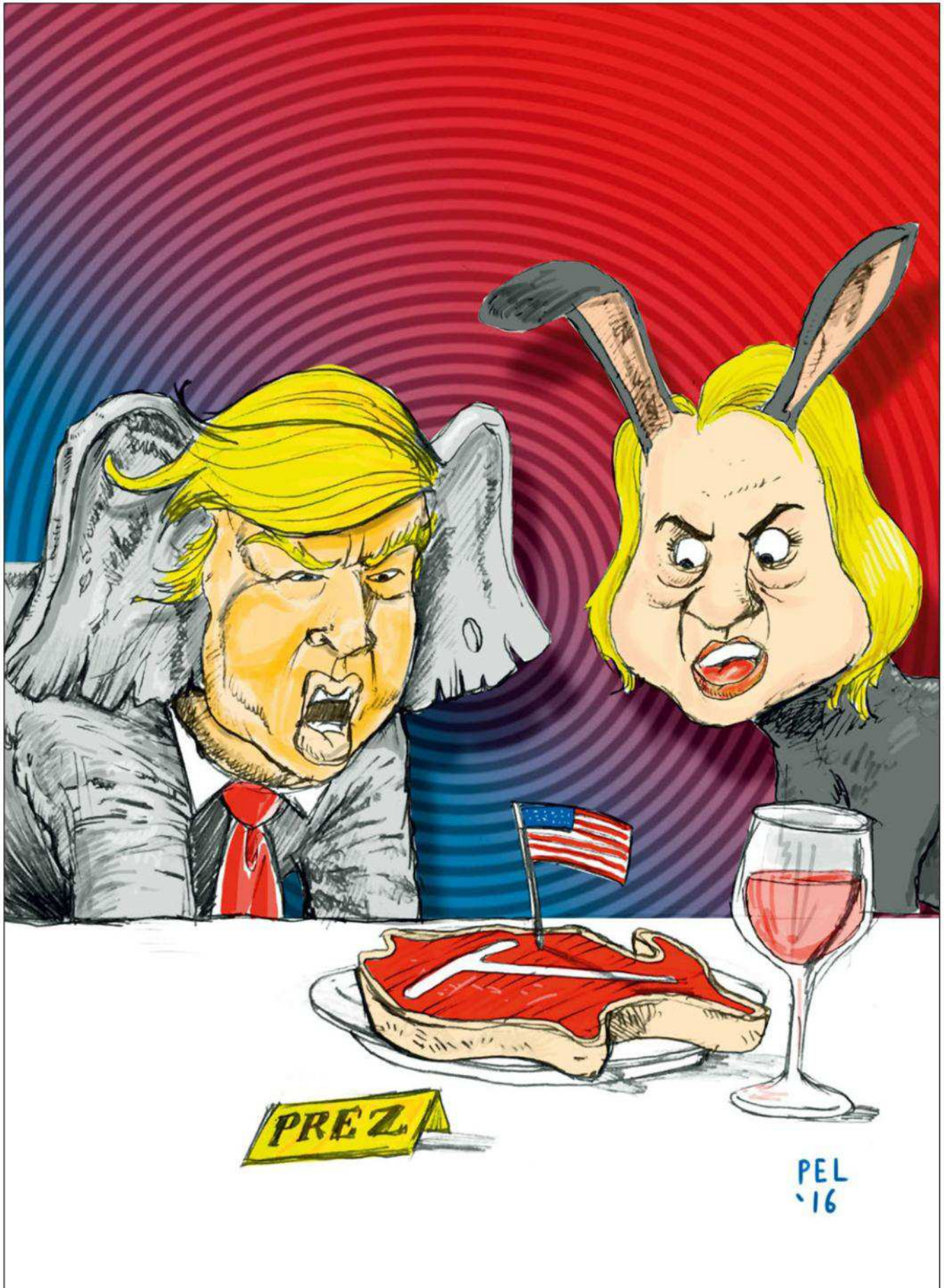
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# THE TALE OF THE LIMBLESS LANDLORD

BY SEAN BRUCE

**S**HAKESPEARE told us, "Be not afraid of greatness. Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and others have greatness thrust upon them."

This month we celebrate a lesser-known hero, who through his dedication to succeed despite the obvious limitations placed on him, showed us what it means to be great.

Arthur Kavanagh was an heir to the ancient Kings of Leinster in Ireland. He was an explorer and a horseback messenger for the East India Company in the 1850s. A first-class marksman, a politician, an award-winning draughtsman, a painter, and an accomplished hunter, Mr. Kavanagh was also a compassionate man who cared deeply for the people around him.

Oh—and he was born with no arms or legs.

Known as the Limbless Landlord, had Kavanagh been born into any other situation in the time, he would no doubt have spent his life perched on a doorstep, idly chatting with

what is now Azerbaijan, Iran, Pakistan, and India. Even today, this overland journey would be incredibly difficult. When he ran out of money, he found employment as a horseback rider for the British East India Company.

At 22 he returned to Ireland after hearing of his older brother's death. As heir to his family's lands and titles, he took up his place as the Squire of Borris, a town beset by creditors and deeply traumatized by the Irish famine, which took countless lives and left many more destitute and impoverished.

Landlords throughout Ireland were evicting tenants who were unable to pay and ploughing the land with grain. Kavanagh, however, used the drafting skills he picked up in India and designed affordable housing for the people of Borris. He organized for a timber mill to be erected and soon the town was thriving under his steady hand.

At Christmas he was known to ride out to distant parts of his

## HE TOOK HIS BRIDE-TO-BE FOR A DRIVE AROUND THE TOWN, POINTING OUT HIS MANY HEALTHY OFFSPRING.

sympathetic passersby. He was fortunate enough to be born into a powerful family in Ireland, heir to one of the oldest claims to nobility in the world. In his early life, a special nurse, Anne Fleming, was employed to assist Arthur and there is no doubt that his tenacity can be attributed to these early years. Fleming ignored Kavanagh's frustrated cries, and taught him to be self-sufficient by placing his toys just out of reach, so that he had to wriggle forward to grab them. As a child, he would force his stunted limbs together to hold his toys, which were large at first and then became progressively smaller over time, pushing him to grow stronger. Over the years this painful practice continued until he could firmly grip a cane, a pistol, and even the hilt of a fencing foil.


When he was still young, an ingenious doctor stressed the importance of autonomy and drafted up the plans for a custom saddle that would allow him to ride. He had a fast affinity with horses, perhaps because of his reliance on them, and quickly became an accomplished rider.

From the ages of 13 to 22 he travelled to the East on an epic voyage that would find him visiting Scandinavia, Russia, and

estate and personally deliver meat, blankets, and clothes to the less fortunate.

A popular man of the people, he was eventually elected to the House of Commons as the member for Wexford County. With the aid of a servant, he would read his addresses on a range of important issues, often to widespread acclaim from his fellow politicians.

And finally—despite his condition, he had no problem with the ladies. He married at a young age to a beautiful bride. The one issue brought up by the father of his betrothed—that his affliction may be passed on to his children—was put to bed when Kavanagh took his bride for a drive (yes, he could drive) around the town to point out his many offspring, all of whom were in good health.

Next time you feel that life is difficult and your goals seem like they're slipping away under the pressure of the daily grind—remember there were men who were given much less to work with who accomplished amazing things. Think to yourself, What Would Arthur Kavanagh do? 



# TAKING THE PLEDGE

THIS, TOO, IS SPARTA  
BY MATT GALLAGHER

**T**HIS past week, while visiting a university for a speaking gig, I sat next to a military mom at a celebratory dinner. The mom, who works at the university and has for years, spoke with pride about her son and his service, and the idealism that led him to joining up in the first place. One of her favorite stories of his childhood, she said, was when someone in the grocery store asked him what he wanted to be when he grew up.

"A hero!" he'd said. He was five at the time. The perfect response.

The military mom's eyes shined with tears as she told us this. The war—the Iraq War—had taken her son some years after this tender memory. It wasn't a firefight that killed him, though, or a roadside bomb, or a freak helicopter crash. He'd made it home in one piece, at least physically. The moral injuries, though—he couldn't shake them, for whatever reason. He took his own life some months after returning to the States, the country where he was supposed to be safe.

Like many Iraq and Afghanistan vets, I've lost friends to suicide. It's a fucking scourge upon our community. As terrible and shattering as it is to lose service members in combat, that's sort of expected—maybe we never think it'll happen to us specifically, but it'll definitely happen to someone. It has to happen to someone. It's part of the gig. But to make it through a combat tour, oftentimes multiple combat tours, and then lose all hope for the future like that? No matter how many times it



## 22 VETERANS COMMIT SUICIDE EVERY DAY, AND THE RATE OF SUICIDE AMONG YOUNGER VETERANS IS ON THE RISE.

happens, I find it unfathomable, devastating, a ruin and waste beyond words. And I know I'm not the only one.

Is the tide turning? It's tough to say. According to the VA, approximately 22 veterans die by suicide every day. (It's important to note that data includes veterans of all ages and eras.) And while suicide awareness in the veteran community feels light years ahead of where it was just a couple years ago, the rate of suicide in younger veterans is actually on the rise, according to the nonprofit Iraq and Afghanistan Veterans of America (IAVA).

There are crisis hotlines, some affiliated with the VA, others more local and independent. There are mental health retreats and excursions to help struggling vets remember the finer things in life. We've all had to answer those questions at the VA, even if we're just getting a physical or our teeth cleaned, the ones that go, "DO YOU EVER CONSIDER HURTING YOURSELF?" and "DO YOU EVER FEEL HOPELESS?" Sometimes all that can feel like bureaucratic chickenshit, but I've come around on it. At least it's something. Something's always better than nothing.

Sebastian Junger, the author of "A Perfect Storm" and "WAR" and someone deeply respected in the vets' community, has a new book out called "Tribe." Part of its thesis is that a lot of what we now call "PTSD" and associate with combat and trauma is actually more an issue of integration and reintegration into wider American society. While some of the data Junger provides has come under fire—David Morris in particular questioned Junger's sources in *The Wall Street Journal*—the general concept makes sense and rings true on an anecdotal level. What vet hasn't felt like a stranger in a strange land upon his homecoming?


Some young veterans have decided to combat the suicide crisis

themselves. Some readers are certainly already familiar with The Spartan Pledge, but for the uninitiated, here's a rundown: a couple years back, a vet named Boone Cutler (who's now a radio host if that name rings a bell) and his pal "Nacho" (which is just perfect as far as nicknames go) lost a mutual friend to suicide. They drew up The Spartan Pledge in the wake of that tragedy, and it quickly went viral due to its forceful succinctness:

"I will not take my own life by my own hand until I talk to my battle buddy first. My mission is to find a mission to help my warfighter family," goes the straightforward edict. 26 words that pack a punch, and hit all the vital notes: reminds the troubled soul about life, and battle buddies, and missions, and perhaps most importantly, family.

As viral things are wont to do, The Spartan Pledge pops up in timelines and newsfeeds with irregular regularity, if that makes sense. And whether or not it's the "official" Spartan Pledge, or something else, the intent remains the same, plain as day: a reminder that we all have tough days, tough weeks, deep ruts. But just because we aren't in the same platoons anymore, carrying out the same patrols and missions, doesn't mean we aren't still there for one another. It doesn't mean there's no one out there who gets it, because fuck that, there are people who get it because they were right there with us for every step and every minute.

Reach out to those guys and gals you haven't heard from in awhile, just to check in. I know I'm going to. Maybe they're fine, and you all can just catch up. Maybe they're not, and you'll be the one who spares another military mom the anguish of telling those stories of childhood dreams with tears like mirrors in her eyes.

"A hero!" he'd said. He was five at the time. 

**libido** | noun | li-bi-do

**1:** A person's desire to have sex.

**2:** Instinctual psychic energy that in psychoanalytic theory is derived from primitive biological urges (as for sexual pleasure or self-preservation) and that is expressed in conscious activity.



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# FORUM REJECTS



ILLUSTRATION BY JASON JOHNSON

# FORUM REJECTS

## THE BEST OF THE WORST FROM PENTHOUSE LETTERS

**D**EAR Penthouse,  
I work in the marketing department for a Los Angeles-based streetwear clothing brand. What's cool is that the company is always sending me to high-profile events all over the world so that I can expand my celebrity network on their behalf. It's a fairly straightforward job: I put our product on artists, troll their Instagram and Snapchat to get a good image of them wearing our shit, take a screen shot and send it to my boss for high praise and fanfare (okay, scrap that last part. It's a thankless job, but it beats sitting behind a desk).

A few years ago, I went to the Sundance Film Festival to pester actors into wearing the brand's products. I went in style. The company rented a huge chalet in Park City and sent me there early to get the lay of the land. I had the place to myself for three glorious days! In my excitement, I invited a super-cute junior sales girl to join me. Neena had a rockin' body. She was 23, had brown, shoulder-length hair with blondish sun streaks—she was a tiny little thing at about 5'5", toned and tan, tight little body, amazing ass (thanks to her Latina mama), beautiful B-cup breasts, and little pokey nipples that seemed to be perpetually hard. She was based in Miami so we didn't see each other often, and while we kept it professional, there was always this cool little sexual tension between us.

Much to my delight, she accepted my invitation and decided to fly in for 24 hours. The plan was for her to give me a day to get situated, fly in, hang out, and fly home a few hours before the rest of the team arrived. Stoked!

Now—let me back up. I am a chronic masturbator. I'm not a perv about it, but I like to give myself a good tug at least once a day to take the edge off. However, as fate would have it, I was running around a few days prior to my trip and couldn't find any monkey time. And I was so busy at Sundance (getting blackout drunk and not watching movies), that my daily ritual escaped me there as well.

Fast forward to Neena's arrival. I woke up late...hungover...and raced to the airport to pick her up. She looked amazing even though she was completely bundled up because it was cold as

shit in Utah in the dead of winter. In the car, our flirting game was on point. She really let loose, telling me how excited she was to see me...how this was her naughty little adventure...and how she had gotten a Brazilian wax in anticipation of our secret tryst. I was so hard, I could barely concentrate on the road. But I had a problem. I was so backed up from a few days of accidental abstinence, that I was already dotting my drawers with pre-cum (or whatever that slimy shit is).

We got to the chalet and wasted no time...ripped off our clothes before we closed the front door. No foreplay, no nothing. Both of us butt-naked, on the first couch we saw...just mauling each other. She whispered, "I want you inside me." I thought I was going

to blow my load right then and there. Shit. I needed a distraction. Ideal! I'll go down on her, make her cum first, and I'll be a hero!

I like to think of myself as a pussy connoisseur who is very capable of giving intense oral pleasures, but my game was all over the place that day. Perhaps it was because normally I give a girl head to get her off...inspired by the heat and passion of the moment. But this time, with Neena, I was just playing defense to buy my overloaded balls some extra time. I could hear her kind of moan half-heartedly as I did my best to please her...but I knew

I was falling short. After a few minutes, Neena recoiled and said, "Are you finished down there or are you trying to lick my pussy off? Get up here and fuck me already."

So I did. I slowly slid my rock-hard (and completely volatile) shaft into her tight, wet hole. I like to think that I lasted longer than three pumps (Hell—I'm just happy I made it in), but I burst inside her after about nine seconds, and couldn't do a damn thing to hold it back. I collapsed in a heap, embarrassed and forlorn. That's when she whispered, "So that's all I get?"

The rest of her visit was super-awkward. It's strange—I knew her well enough to fuck her, but not well enough to come clean about the series of events that lead to me being a huge let-down. I was humiliated, and she was over me thinking that I was either selfish, inadequate, or both. This made our future professional dealings a joy. Lesson learned: don't dip your pen in company pussy.

—Stephen K., Los Angeles, CA

**I COLLAPSED IN A  
HEAP, EMBARRASSED  
AND FORLORN. THAT'S  
WHEN SHE WHISPERED,  
'IS THAT ALL I GET?'**



# THE NEW PORNOPHOTOGRAPHERS OF BROOKLYN NY

ARTISINAL SUBMISSION FOR THE SNAPCHAT GENERATION  
BY LAURA YAN

**S**TEVE Savano is glad he lives in an apartment alone. Roommates might make his favorite hobby awkward: he disciplines and fucks an array of pretty polyamorous partners, records the scenes, and slices them into rebloggable GIF sets, posted to a Tumblr blog called The Ruleset.

Steve might look like a typical Brooklynite with his scruffy beard and thick-framed glasses, but he's become an online kinky heartthrob, a fast-talking, dirty-mouthed disciplinarian with a penchant for over-the-knee spankings and schoolgirl uniforms (he owns seven plaid jumpers from Land's End which have become iconic on his blog). For Steve, The Ruleset is a tremendous ego-boost, but it has also become something else: a showcase for a new kind of kink that's as much about the sex as it is about consent and challenging misogyny.

Steve grew up in Marine Park, Brooklyn, to a large, rambunctious Irish-Italian family. He's an older brother to two younger sisters—"sweethearts, both of them." As a child, he loved to read. He even read the dictionary, which pleased his parents. They had no idea what Steve was actually doing: looking up the word "spanking." "I would thrill over the definition, over and over and over," he recalls.

Steve started having fantasies when he was just six years old, riding the bus home from elementary school. There was one about anthropomorphic fish that kidnapped a group of kids who tried to go fishing. The fish yanked the kids into the water, then threw them onto a bus and brought them to a school where they taught them old-fashioned discipline: spankings, mouth-soaping, inspections...Steve was horrified of those fantasies. "I was like, 'This is definitely different, definitely weird.'" (It's not as strange as it sounds; Piglet, one of Steve's current partners, remembers having submissive tendencies from when she was five: playing the servant when her friends played house,

obsessed with Cinderella, but only as a slave.)

The fantasies didn't go away. While earlier versions had him on the receiving end of discipline, in middle school, his attention turned towards being the one to bestow it. It was hard to realize his desires, though. He was a clumsy kid, with braces, a bowl cut, in hand-me-down clothes and Coke-bottle glasses.

Somewhere between middle school and high school, something changed. Steve discovered punk rock, and underwent a transformation: better haircut, better clothes, and a new, fearless attitude. Three months after he started high school, he lost his virginity, and soon,

his inhibitions. He began asking girlfriends to try kink. "Do you want to wear a plaid skirt and I'll spank you?" he asked, and ten partners he had in high school each said yes. Perhaps it was his confidence, perhaps the girls were afraid of disappointing the boy they liked. "I was always able to sell people on the idea," Steve says.

In junior year of high school, Steve started a relationship that lasted three and a half years. "We did everything together," Steve recalls. He and his partner explored kink in-depth, switching dominant and submissive roles. They broke up when she moved

away for college. Steve stayed a townie, living at home. After his "ridiculous, reckless" confidence in high school, Steve hit a low point. "I was convinced no one would ever love me or do the things I wanted," he recalls.

Then, in 2012, Steve got into a car accident. He was carrying a chair in Newark when a car clipped the chair, and it rammed into his face. Two inches higher and the wood would have gone into his brain; two inches lower, and it would have crushed his throat. "But all it cost me was two teeth, and I got a lot of perspective."

In fact, it made him brave. He moved away from home, and he decided to start looking for kindred spirits in kink. He worked up the nerve to go to his first party: Spanko NYC. The events were held in the gym of the LGBT Center, and they had a "suburban

**'DO YOU WANT TO WEAR A PLAID SKIRT AND I'LL SPANK YOU?' I WAS ALWAYS ABLE TO SELL PEOPLE ON THE IDEA.**



barbecue vibe: boxed wine and cookies on the tables, men in khaki shorts and button-up shirts, play that happened behind screens. Steve was just happy to learn that he was not alone. He remembers thinking, "Oh my god, these are my people." They too looked up funny words in the dictionary, and shared an itch that needed to be scratched.

After a year or so in the Spanko scene, someone introduced Steve to Fetlife, a kinky social networking site (somewhat of a cross between Facebook and OKCupid). On Fetlife, Steve stumbled upon photos from a party—"It looked like the cool kids having a blast." That party was Suspension, a monthly fetish play party, which Steve now helps manage. The first time he tried to attend, though, he lost his courage at the door.

He fared better his second try. He went expecting to be a wallflower, but every one was warm and welcoming. "I was agog," Steve recalls. There were wilder costumes and flashier play that happened in the middle of the party. While the crowd at Spanko skewed older, at Suspension, the crowd was young and enthusiastic. He stayed until the end of the first party, and offered to help the crew clean up.

He went to help out at the next party, too, and soon, he became a fixture at the events. The crew was grateful, and he, in turn, found his community. "When you meet someone at a kink party, you automatically share each other's deepest, darkest secret. It's like being in the trenches together," Steve explains. The party changed his life. He met all of his friends today through it—"and I have a lot of friends."

When Steve first started The Ruleset, he envisioned a collaborative site, a magazine, where he and his friends could share photographs and stories and tips about the community. He got introduced to Tumblr through an ex-girlfriend, a bombshell exhibitionist. She posted sexy selfies on her blog, and asked if Steve wanted to be involved. An early GIF of the two of them together has become one of the most popular: the GIF, tinted in artful black and red, shows her in a black bra and high-waisted

shorts, sitting wide-legged in over-the-knee stockings, squirming while Steve rubs between her legs. It's amassed over 75,000 notes on Tumblr.

Today, The Ruleset has over 50,000 followers. Steve posts original content every day, shares reader-submitted selfies, and reblogs inspirational photos from others. He's the headmaster of the Brooklyn Academy of Discipline (B.A.D.), where there are only three rules: be punctual, be articulate, and be polite. His students are mostly young women, receiving discipline and pleasure.

Steve is always trying new things in kink, but the scholastic is by far his favorite. "There's an association between discipline and caring," Steve explains, the idea that if you cared about someone, you would discipline them for getting things wrong. Also? Subjecting adults to childish punishments is something he finds pretty hot. And so do his readers, many of whom he believes to be young women.

It's not surprising. Steve is six-foot-one, 30 years old (the "sweet spot number" for most young women), handsome, charming, and funny. And, he makes his bed. (Someone told Steve once that what she loves most about his amateur porn is that he has decent furniture. "That's a huge difference!")

According to Steve, the blog has a gotten him "laid like crazy." His partners are often receptive to being featured on the blog—then again, many of them he'd met because of it. But beyond the opportunity to meet pretty girls, the blog has also become an outlet of activism, for Steve and his partners to show kinky relationships that value consent and communication over the aggressive performance of misogyny. "I can fulfill the fantasy of disrespecting the shit out of [women] while also giving them respect," Steve says.

Sweetpea, one of Steve's partners, explains it this way: "There's a softness to our relationship that is hard to find in other doms." Steve doesn't try to be someone he isn't, and he understands that being a dominant is just playing a role. He's seen how the



## ‘ SEX IS ART. WHAT’S WRONG WITH THAT?’

performance of misogyny can go wrong. “It’s the sort of thing you can get *too* into,” he says, “it can start overriding the way you actually think.”

In addition to being a dreamboat, Steve has also become a Dear Abby of online kink. Sweetpea believes Steve’s staunchly feminist stance has something to do with it. “People connect with how he tries to tackle questions from a feminist perspective,” she explains.

The questions Steve fields every day are often repetitive, variations on a theme. Strangers ask him about kink dynamics, about his partners, about being poly. He gets the most questions about the latter. Steve didn’t discover polyamory—having multiple relationships with multiple partners, until he was 23. He used to be a staunch monogamist—but once he became comfortable with kink, he started considering what else was possible. “If you can think of sex outside the scope of what we’ve been taught, then you start questioning everything,” Steve explains.

Though sometimes the repetition gets to him, Steve has learned how to spend time crafting thoughtful responses. “Empathy,” he reminds himself. Most of his advice boils down to the same thing: respect your partners, respect boundaries, and most of all, communicate.

It seems simple, but the simplest ideas can easily get lost. Steve has his share of critics: he’s been accused of being a “white knight who only does feminism to get laid,” or of being an abuser, no matter how consensual his relationships. Someone once made a parody account of his Tumblr, and tagged every post *#pathetic*. Steve found it funny.

The Ruleset isn’t a secret in Steve’s life. His friends, his family, even his coworkers know about it (Steve works in a highly-skilled mechanical trade—one, he emphasizes, with a strong union). Steve likes to use a scene from “Game of Thrones” to explain his attitude on kink. In the scene, Tyrion the dwarf is comforting Jon the Bastard, who is in a sullen mood. “Never forget what you are,” Tyrion advises. “The rest of the world will not. Wear it like an armor, and it can never be used to hurt you.” It’s advice Steve has taken to heart. In turn, he’s created a thriving sex blog that’s also become a safe space, a community.

When Steve’s partner, Piglet, first began to explore kink, she felt depressed, isolated, and pathological. With her current involvement in The Ruleset and her personal blog, Piglet has a space to be a role model: “Here’s a girl who’s strong and smart and does her own thing,” she explains, “and she’s a good person who practices kink.” She can be a source of support for those who feel guilty about their kinks, and an inspiration for others to be confident about their sexuality.

“It’s one of the few environments where I can truly be myself,” Sweetpea agrees. “I don’t have to worry about being a weirdo, because we’re all weirdos.” She thinks the blog also offers escapism for others, especially those who may not be able to live out their kinks to the fullest extent.

“Here’s the most pretentious thing I’m going to say,” Steve says. “My sex is my art. The effort and depth I put into creating the scenes that I do, and the creativity that I feel, give me artistic satisfaction.” And if others dismiss the idea of sex as a hobby, sex as art? “Fuck you,” Steve responds. “Yeah, it *is*. What’s wrong with that?”

## SHAREBNB

**I** JUST returned from a business trip to Los Angeles that I'll never forget. I'm a software developer and I work for a start-up so I have to operate on a tight budget. I used Airbnb and booked a studio apartment for a week in a large old Hollywood complex with a huge pool.

I arrived in LA early on a Sunday. The sun was shining bright, so I changed into my trunks and decided to check out the pool area. The building was straight out of "Melrose Place." The pool was in the middle with all the apartments looking out over it. Right away I noticed that most of the people lying in the sun or floating in the pool were smoking hot chicks. I found an empty lounge chair and put my towel down.

As I was lying back, a pretty blonde girl walked up to the lounge chair next to me. She was a total 10, tall, model-skinny, and she had huge fake breasts—the kind you want to motorboat (or slide your cock between). They were oiled up under the smallest strip of a bikini top, and as she bent down to grab her book, one of her nipples popped out. She nonchalantly placed it back in her top and sat down next to me. "Hi," she purred, "I'm Shannon, I live here. What's your name?" "I'm Josh," I said, "nice to meet you." Shannon licked her lips and smiled slyly, "I've never seen you in the building before, Josh, are you new here?" I told her I was Airbnb-ing there for the week. Shannon's eyes went wide when I mentioned Airbnb and she whispered, "How fun." The way she said it made my dick get hard underneath my roomy shorts.

Shannon's bathing suit bottoms were see-through and the outlines of her pussy lips were right in my line of sight. They were perfectly rounded mounds and I imagined shoving my cock between their softness, greasing them with my pre-cum, and then fucking the shit out of her doggy style. Shannon looked down and noticed I had an erection straining against my suit. She called across the pool for a little redheaded neighbor Rachel to come over and join us. Rachel had just gotten out of the water and walked over to us dripping wet. She was

5'6", had round firm full C-sized breasts, a peach shaped ass, and an athletic figure. She grabbed a towel off the chair next to me, wrapped herself in it and suggested the three of us go back to her apartment and get some drinks.

I followed the two girls back to Rachel's place. Being the last one in the apartment, I closed the door behind me and as I turned around, Shannon's hot wet mouth was on mine. Facing me, she reached down and pulled my bulging dick out of my swimsuit. She started tugging it up towards her and squeezing the head, which was already soaked in pre-cum. She rolled her thumb and forefinger on it, spreading the smooth, silky fluid around the tip of my cock. She then slid down my body to her knees and put her mouth around my thick stiff cock, hungrily devouring it. Now she was using both hands. Her left had a firm grip on the base of my shaft as she forced my girth

down her throat; her right was pulling on my retracting balls, stretching them gently. Her long nails reached back and ever so slightly tickled my taint. I grabbed the back of Shannon's head and plunged my cock deep in her mouth. Shannon gagged and pulled back for a second, inhaled deeply, then took the plunge and let me face-fuck her.

Rachel got down on her hands and knees behind Shannon, pulled off her bikini bottoms and parted her friend's ass cheeks with her face. Shannon moaned loudly as my rod filled her throat while Rachel's slick tongue plunged deep inside Shannon's drenched pussy. Shannon was so wet I could see her juices were running down the inside of her thighs. Rachel lay on the floor underneath her and she stuffed her face into her slit and started lapping her pussy. I gently directed Shannon by the shoulders to press her cunt down on



“  
**SHANNON GRABBED  
 MY COCK, AND I  
 WENT WHERE I WAS  
 BEING PULLED.**  
 ”

Rachel's mouth and nose. Shannon pulled my dick out of her mouth, crying out loud as she rode Rachel's face harder.

I suggested we continue the action in the bedroom. I helped Shannon off the floor, and she helped up Rachel. Rachel grabbed Shannon's hand, Shannon grabbed my cock, and I went where I was being pulled. Shannon pushed me onto the bed and the girls started kissing in front of me. I got the feeling these two had done this before.

While they were kissing, Shannon mounted my face to give me a taste of Rachel's last meal. Her pussy was so sweet and slippery that I just had to fuck it right then. I flipped her around onto her back, and pushed her thighs apart. I grabbed my rock-hard shaft and pressed the head against her swollen and dripping lips. Shannon pinned her knees back to her shoulders to give me full access to enter her quivering pussy. I plunged myself halfway inside her. She screamed out loud, "Fuck you're huge! Push that cock in deeper!" Her hole was tight so I grabbed her hips and thrust my dick deep inside her until my balls were resting on her butt. Shannon's pussy was so slippery and tiny that it fit like a tight glove. I started thrusting my dick harder and faster into her. My balls were slapping against her ass in rhythm with her squeals.

Rachel leaned over and kissed Shannon on the mouth, muffling her moans as she swung her body around and mounted Shannon. Rachel's ass was in the air, lying face-to-face and tit-to-tit on top of Shannon, with her ass end facing me. They were both in the perfect position, so I pulled my dick out of Shannon and slowly slid it in Rachel's ass crack. She clenched her toned cheeks around my cock, squeezing



it with a perfect amount of pressure. Then, she reached behind her, grabbed my cock, and shoved my dick into her soaking wet slit. I pushed my fat cock deep inside Rachel's trembling pussy as hard and fast as I could. Her moans turned louder and louder as she convulsed several times, grabbed Shannon's tits, and came with a scream. When she was done, she rolled off of Shannon and started laughing, "You have NO idea how much I needed that!"

"I hope you have some left for me?" Shannon cooed. She turned me over so I was on my back, took my cock in her hands and started sucking Rachel's juices off it. Shannon could sense I was about to explode, so she hopped on my dick facing me and started riding. Her feet were lined up with my hips, and she was squatting and using her thigh strength to bounce

up and down while her sloppy-wet cunt slid up and down my pole. I could feel the inside of her pussy flexing and gripping on my dick, as she screamed, "I'm cumming! I'm cumming! I'm cumming!" I felt a warm rush of fluid wash over me, soaking my balls and dripping down my ass as she squirted all over me. I pulled my dick out of Shannon's floodgate and started to jerk it over her as she lay heaving on the bed. I kept jerking my cock and shot my load onto Shannon's perfect fake tits. I milked my cock until there was nothing left and then collapsed on the bed, panting.

After some rehydrating and small talk, I dressed and made my way to the door. Rachel offered to host any future rendezvous and told me not to bother with Airbnb next time.

—A.K., San Jose, CA



## THANKS, TANYA

**I** DIDN'T realize until recently that going to a wedding without a date could be AWESOME.

I love weddings. I love wedding food. I love red-faced skanky bridesmaids. I love the sexy, chunky singer in wedding bands. There is so much sexual tension in the air, whether it's from the unmarried aunts to the dirty, drunken toasts about the wedding night, to the fact that every couple there has a hotel room and left the kids with the grandparents. I think it's the general combination of vacation and alcohol and an ancient mating ritual that gets everyone horny. Plus, even though more marriages end in divorce than in "til death do us part," well, weddings are just about love and potential.

That is, unless you're shy, like me, and dateless. Then it's just frustrating. Or so I thought.

I'd broken up with my girlfriend at the beginning of the summer and didn't work too hard at finding a date for my buddy Steve's wedding. I went through the whole summer as the third wheel, as the single guy at barbecues. I never turned down invitations just because I was going stag, but I always had the sense that people felt bad for me. Angie, Steve's bride-to-be and a fucking knockout who was as kind as she was hot, lamented that I couldn't "close the deal." And she was right. I don't pursue women. They have to fall into my lap.

"I'll have to find someone for you," Angie said.

"Please don't," I said. I never do well on blind dates.

Angie seemed to take my refusal to heart (No means No, after all) and our group of friends approached the upcoming wedding weekend with excitement. Angie and (most of) her friends were guys' girls, and they insisted on coming to strip clubs and getting lapdances with Steve and his groomsmen, which included me. I watched one particularly ambitious stripper try to give Steve a blowjob before Angie had to show her how it was done. I had high hopes for that marriage.

But I was still feeling sorry for myself and I headed out of the club for a smoke. Tanya, Angie's cousin, was out there, too, smoking and texting. At first I thought she was one of the dancers until she called me over.

"Blow your load, Ray?" she said.

"Nope," I said. "Strippers don't do it for me. I think it's the glitter and the melon body spray."

"You mean a girl grinding her ass against you doesn't get you hard?" she said. "I'm really curious. My ex-boyfriend LOVED strippers. Loved strippers too much..."

"Sure I get hard," I said, liking that I was sharing a smoke with an attractive woman and getting to talk about my dick, which was stirring. "But that's it. I get hard and then I remember I'm spending 50 bucks for it and the song is going to be over and I didn't even like that song in junior high

when it was popular. And then I think about the last time I came in my pants, which was a huge embarrassment ..."

"...and probably also happened the last time that song was popular," Tanya said, laughing.

"Naw, it was like three days ago at the gas station," I said, and we both laughed. I'd read somewhere that making a girl laugh sends her blood rushing downward, but I wasn't sure if my being self-deprecating fucked with my chances. Either way, I still wasn't feeling confident, so we chatted for a while, even as she occasionally stroked my arm, and I found an excuse to go back into the club, like a chicken.

"Get me drunk at the wedding, OK?" Tanya said as I walked away.

"It's an open bar, so that won't be too hard," I said, kicking myself.

Two days later was the wedding, and I was on the lookout for Tanya. She was on the bride's side of the church, and she showed up wearing this short black dress. Totally inappropriate for a wedding, I thought, and some of the older ladies were giving her the side-eye while their husbands appeared profoundly uncomfortable. She looked great regardless of her scandalousness.

At the reception I was not surprised Tanya was seated at my table, even though I, as a groomsman, was paired with Angie's humorless sister, Tina.

"I made some arrangements," Tanya said, sliding in next to me, her bare leg brushing mine. "You're the only person I know who's not a relative. Time to make good on getting me drunk."

"You're the boss," I said.

I returned with a couple of heavy-duty cocktails and noticed more than a couple of guys giving me the thumbs up, as well as Angie from the head table.

"You blushing or having a heart attack?" Tanya said.

"I'm blushing," I said.

"Yeah, they think I'm the whore cousin because I'm divorced," Tanya said. "This family stays married no matter how much they hate each other."

"You don't think Steve and Angie—?" I said.

"Oh no," Tanya said. "They're going to be great. Tanya knows how to keep him

happy and he treats her like the treasure she fucking well is."

"She is!" I agreed. "If she weren't with Steve, I'd..." I trailed off.

"You wouldn't do a goddamn thing," Tanya said. "Angie told me that you need girls to fall in your lap."

"Well..."

"So I'm going to fall in your lap tonight, OK? And then I'm flying back to Minnesota, and maybe that'll kick-start you out of this mooney behavior. All I want you to do is one thing."

I couldn't believe that I was hearing this. She just kept looking at me, a little smile on her face, an arm thrown casually around the back of my chair, her other hand in my lap under the table.

"What?" I said, growing in her hand.

"Ask me out."

"What?" She was still squeezing my cock through my pants under the table, still looking at me with that smile, still with her arm around my chair like we were best friends.

"Ask me out. Don't be scared. I'm gonna fuck you tonight. I find you really sexy and I have high hopes for that piece of meat in my hands. Now just ask me out."

"Tanya, wanna go out sometime?" I said.

"Oh, Ray!" she said. "I think you're really cute but I've got a boyfriend! But you made my day!"

"What?!" I said, my cock going to half-staff immediately. "That's a shitty thing to do!"

"Ray," Tanya said, never breaking eye contact. "I'm fucking you tonight. And you know what? Asking someone out and getting refused isn't the end of the world. Just don't be a dick about it. If you fail, try again. That's all there is to it."

Tanya made a point to grind her ass against my crotch during the fast dances, and press her breasts against me during the slow ones. We both drank just enough to keep it light but we were both aware not to drink too much. At the end of the night I couldn't keep my hands off her.

We fell into her hotel room and I didn't even wait to get past the bathroom. I turned on every light, bent her over the sink, and lifted up her dress, pulling her panties down. Her shaved pussy glistened as she

parted her thighs. The panties had slid down to her knees and she still had her shoes on, so I grabbed her hips and eased myself into that especially tight opening. I just needed to be inside her. I watched her mouth open, soundlessly, as she gripped my cock with her toned snatch.

"Tanya, will you go out with me?" I said, pumping, spreading her legs until her panties ripped and fell in a wet heap to the bathroom floor.

“

**I TURNED ON EVERY  
LIGHT AND BENT HER  
OVER THE SINK.**

”

"Let's keep it a secret from my boyfriend," she said, playing my game. "He's going to wonder why my pussy's wider and why his favorite pair of panties is missing."

"You like cheating on your boyfriend with me?" I said, slapping her tight ass.

"He's not going to know unless you pull out and come on my dress," she said.

And that's exactly what I did. I pulled out from her tight, soaking hole and sent the warm jets across her lower back and the bunched material of her black dress. I pulled it off her and wiped my come off her back and pussy with it.

After a brief nap on the bed, we woke and fucked two more times before breakfast, then I drove her to the airport in place of a cab. We kissed warmly at the drop-off area, and we have stayed in touch.

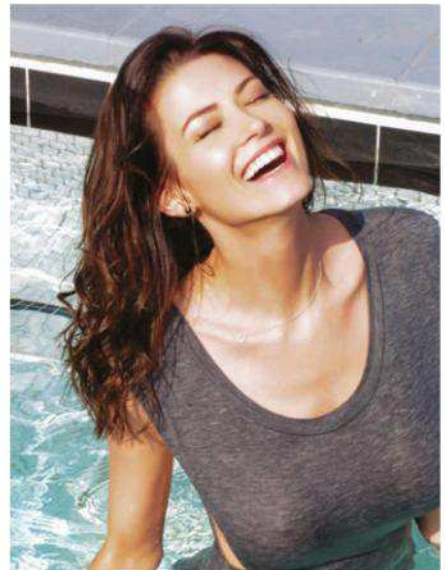
The next weekend, at a party, I struck up a conversation with a single woman with a dazzling smile and a cute dress. At the end of the afternoon I asked her out and she said Yes.

—Ray L. Seattle, WA



# PETTING ZOO

BY SAM PHILLIPS



## JULIET CARIAGA

**J**UNE 1993 Pet of the Month Sam Phillips catches up with Juliet Cariaga, our Pet from December, 1997.

### 5 THINGS I FOUND OUT ABOUT JULIET:

1. "I have my Padi scuba certification. Scuba diving is my favorite thing to do."
2. "I LOVE Disneyland! I grew up going to Disneyland at least once a year. My father was a sculptor for Disney. We got to go see all the new attractions before they were open to the public."
3. "I've been a poker dealer and poker player for five years. I love the game. Playing the World Series of Poker Main Event is high on my bucket list."
4. "I sometimes get social anxiety in big crowds."
5. "I once won a deep-sea fishing contest for catching the biggest tuna. We caught an 82 lb. tuna. The next biggest tuna was 50 lbs."



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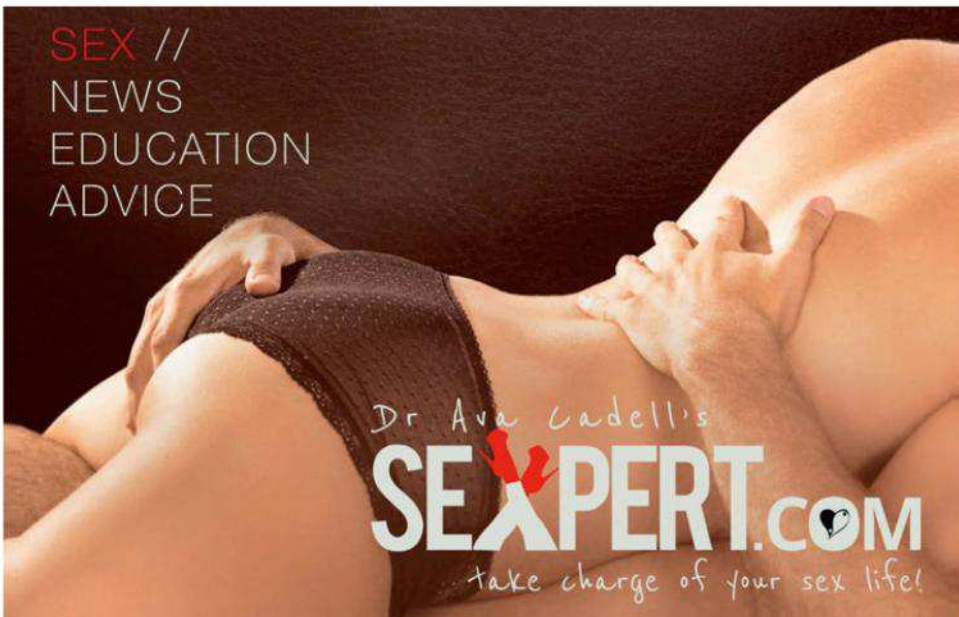
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# MALEFICIUM

BY DAVE CARNIE

**I**MAGINE yourself sitting at home, minding your own business, not committing any crimes or anything, just being yourself (maybe you're picking your nose), when suddenly you find yourself accused of being a witch and of eating babies. That's exactly what happened to three women in 1612 in the Lancashire village of Samlesbury, England. The three—Jane Southworth, Jennet Bierley, and Ellen Bierley—came to be known as The Samlesbury Witches and their ensuing trial is one of the most famous in English history. Their accuser, a 14-year-old girl named Grace Sowerbutts, was granddaughter to Jennet and niece to Ellen.

But wait: Grace Sowerbutts?

What a fantastic name. The cruel schoolchild in me thinks: "Greasy Sour Butts." I, along with my horde of heartless hooligans, would tease her ceaselessly. Maybe she'd commit suicide? Maybe she'd pull the covers over her head and asphyxiate herself with her own greasy, sour butt fumes? That would be a tragedy. Although probably not as tragic as the deaths she was trying to send her relatives to.

The trial for the three accused witches was held on August 19, 1612 before Sir Edward Bromley. The trial is unusual in that it was recorded by Thomas Potts, the clerk to the Lancaster Assizes,

sucked its blood. I like to imagine that the baby was sort of like a juice box that you stab with a straw. Mmmm, baby juice. The baby died the following night, but after its burial at Samlesbury Church, Ellen and Jennet exhumed the freshly dead baby from the cemetery and made it for dinner. Leftovers? What they didn't eat was rendered down into a greasy ointment that they would rub all over each other in order to transform themselves into other devilish creatures.

Lastly, Grace said that her grandmother and aunt, along with Jane Southworth, would attend witch's shindigs every Thursday and Sunday night at the Red Bank on the north shore of the River Ribble. During these rituals they would get down with "four black things, going upright, and yet not like men in the face" with whom they would eat, drink, dance, and have sex.

While the accusations were, of course, baseless, they weren't by any means unusual during the English Reformation of the 16th century when the Church of England separated itself from the authority of the Pope and his Catholic Church. And Catholics, along with witches, were regarded at the time as the "two biggest threats to Jacobean order in Lancashire," a region of England considered by authorities to be wild and lawless, "fabled for its theft, violence, and sexual laxity." That, and the

## CAN YOU IMAGINE LEAVING YOUR HOUSE WORRIED THAT YOU ARE GOING TO BE GUNNED DOWN OR ARRESTED?

and then published under the title "The Wonderfull Discoverie of Witches in the Countie of Lancaster." Most everything we know about the trial, and the quotes presented here, comes from Potts' book.

The three women were accused of using "diverse devillish and wicked Arts, called Witchcrafts, Inchauntments, Charmes, and Sorceries, in and upon one Grace Sowerbutts." The three pleaded "not guilty" and then the 14-year-old Greasy Sour Butts was called to the stand to give her testimony.

Ole Sour Butts claimed that her grandmother and aunt, Jennet and Ellen Bierley, would transform themselves into dogs and that they had "haunted and vexed her" for years in their canine state. Once the witch dogs dragged Greasy Sour Butts up to the top of the hayrick by her hair, and on another occasion the witch dogs tried to convince her to drown herself. Not the most formidable witchcraft, but Greasy Sour Butts was just getting warmed up.

Greasy also related a story where the witches had taken her to the house of a neighbor, Thomas Walshman, and stolen his baby. The witches drove a nail into the baby's belly button and

fact that most people back then were stupid, uneducated, and believed in all kinds of malarkey, it should come as no surprise that witch hunts and other religious-based persecutions were common practice.

When Judge Bromley finally asked the accused witches what they had to say for themselves, Potts reports that they "humbly fell upon their knees with weeping teares" and "desired him [Bromley] for God's cause to examine Grace Sowerbutts."

Immediately the countenance of ole Greasy Sour Butts changed and it wasn't long before she admitted that her story was untrue and that she had been coached on what to say by a Catholic priest named Christopher Southworth—Jane Southworth's uncle—a Jesuit in hiding in the Samlesbury area. The women were unable to offer any reasons why Southworth would have something against them other than that they had all renounced their Catholicism and now "goeth to the Anglican Church."

Fuckin' Greasy Sour Butts—more like Greasy Liar Butts. What the fuck?

Fortunately for the Samlesbury Three, they were acquitted, but, over the course of the next two days, 11 other accused witches



PHOTO: GETTY IMAGES / THEGOODLY

were not so fortunate and were hanged, guilty of maleficium—causing harm by witchcraft.

What's mildly amusing about this potentially horrible fuckup, is that when the truth came out, Potts, speaking for himself and the rest of the court, basically said, "Duh! I knew that greasy little bitch was lying the whole time!" Because, for one, he said, all witches have at least one "familiar"—an animal, or a demon, that aids them in their evil capers—and since none of the three kept pets or demons, there is no way they could be witches, right? So obvious. Secondly, many at the time, including King James himself, believed that only God could perform miracles, such as shape-shifting, and those powers do not extend to anyone who's in league with the Devil. N'doy? (But then if it's impossible for witches to exist in God's universe, why were there witch trials? Oh yeah, the Age Of The Enlightenment hadn't quite got going yet in 1612.)

In hindsight, there are some who believe the whole thing was a plot cooked up by the Lancaster judiciary to gain favor with the authorities in London. This would look very good to King James and his Anglican Church: not only was the Church in Lancaster

displaying zero tolerance for witchcraft, but they uncovered an evil Catholic conspiracy which nearly claimed the lives of three innocent Christian women. Pats on the back all around. Although I imagine the three accused women probably did not find anything "wonderfull" about having their feet held to the fire for a little religious theater.

Can you imagine, in this day in age, leaving your house worried that you're going to be gunned down or arrested just because someone doesn't like the cut of your jib? I'm thankful to live in a modern and enlightened era in which we believe that all men and women are created equal, entitled to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness regardless of the color of their skin, their religion, or their sexual orientation. Because today we are equipped with a consciousness that has evolved to a point where we no longer rely on Bronze Age fairy tales like the Bible, or the Torah, or the Koran to explain the universe around us. It must have been maddening to live 400 years ago in a time when these fictions were taken literally in order to justify persecuting, punishing, and even murdering innocent people. How crazy would that seem today? ☯

# DELIA SHEPPARD

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